The Columbian.

COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, STAR OF THE NORTH, and COLUMBIAN, Consolidated.]

Issued Weekly, every Friday Morning, at BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA CO., Pa.

At $1.50 per year. To subscribers out of the county the terms are strictly in advance.

☞ No paper discontinued except at the option of the publishers, until all arrearages are paid, but long continued credits will not be given.

All papers sent out of the State or to distant post offices must be paid for in advance, unless a responsible person in Columbia county assumes to pay the subscription due on demand.

JOB PRINTING.

The Job Printing Department of the COLUMBIAN is very complete. It contains the latest new type and machinery and is the only office that runs job presses by power, giving us the best facilities. Estimates furnished on large jobs.

The Columbian.

J. R. ELWELL, J. K. BITTENBENDER, } Proprietors.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 14, 1885.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XIX, NO 31
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XIX, NO 24

RATES OF ADVERTISING

	1 w	2 w	1 m	2 m	3 m	6 m	1 y
1 inch	$ 75	1 25	1 50	2 50	3 00	4 50	7 00
2 "	1 50	2 00	2 25	4 00	4 75	7 50	12 00
3 "	2 00	2 75	3 50	5 00	6 50	10 00	16 00
4 "	2 50	3 50	4 50	7 00	8 00	12 00	19 00
¼ col	3 25	4 50	5 50	8 00	9 50	14 50	25 00
½ col	5 50	7 00	8 00	14 00	17 00	30 00	46 00
1 column	8 00	12 00	15 00	25 00	30 00	40 00	80 00

Yearly advertisements payable quarterly. Transient advertisements must be paid for before inserted except where parties have accounts.

Legal advertisements two dollars per inch for three insertions, and at that rate for additional insertions without reference to length.

Executor's, Administrator's, and Auditor's notices three dollars.

Transient or Local notices, ten cents a line, regular advertisements half rates.

Cards in the "Business Directory" column, one dollar a year for each line.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

L. E. WALLER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Bloomsburg, Pa
Office over 1st. National Bank.

N. U. FUNK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
ffice in Ent's Building.

JOHN M. CLARK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
ffice over Moyer Bros. Drug Store.

C. W. MILLER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Office in Brower's building, second floor, room No. 1
Bloomsburg, Pa.

B. FRANK ZARR,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Bloomsburg, Pa
Office corner of Centre and Main Streets. Clark's Building.
Can be consulted in German.

GEO. E. ELWELL,
—ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,—
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office on First floor, front room of COLUMBIAN Building, Main street, below Exchange Hotel.

PAUL E. WIRT,
Attorney-at-Law.
Office in COLUMBIAN BUILDING, ROOM No. 9, second floor.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

S. KNORR. L. S. WINTERSTEEN.
KNORR & WINTERSTEEN,
Attorneys-at-Law.
Office in 1st National Bank building, second floor, first door to the left. Corner of Main and Market streets Bloomsburg, Pa.
☞ *Pensions and Bounties Collected.*

J. H. MAIZE,
ATTORNEY AT-LAW
Office in Maize's building, over Billmeyer's grocery.

JOHN C. YOCUM. C. E. GEYER.
YOCUM & GEYER,
Attorneys-at-Law.
CATAWISSA, PA.
(Office front suit of rooms on second floor of NEWS ITEM building.)
☞ CAN BE CONSULTED IN GERMAN. ☜
Members of Sharp and Alleman's Lawyers and Banker's Directory and the American Mercantile and Collection Association. Will give prompt and careful attention to collection of claims in any part of the United States or Canada, as well as to all other professional business entrusted to them.

A. K. OSWALD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Jackson Building, Rooms 4 and 5.
BERWICK, PA

W. H. RHAWN.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Catawissa, Pa.
Office, corner of Third and Main Streets.

H. V. WHITE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office in Browers' Building, 2nd floor.
map 1-tf

W. E. SMITH,
Attorney-atLaw, Berwick, Pa.
Can be Consulted in German.
ALSO FIRST-CLASS
FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE
COMPANIES REPRESENTED.
☞ Office, first door below the post office.

MISCELLANEOUS.

C. G. BARKLEY, Attorney-at-Law, Office in Brower's building, 2nd story, Rooms 4 and 5.

J. B. McKELVY, M. D., Surgeon and Physician, north side Main street, below Market

A. L. FRITZ, Attorney-at-Law. Office in COLUMBIAN Building.

C. M. DRINKER, GUN & LOCKSMITH
owing Machines and Machinery of all kinds repaired. OPERA House Building, Bloomsburg, Pa.

DR. J. C. RUTTER,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Office, North Market street, Bloomsburg, Pa

DR. WM. M. REBER, Surgeon and Physician. Office corner of Rock and Market treet.

J. R. EVANS, M. D., Surgeon and Physician, Office and Residence on Third street.

FIRE INSURANCE.
CHRISTIAN F. KNAPP, BLOOMSBURG, PA.
HOME, OF N. Y.
MERCHANTS', OF NEWARK, N. J.
CLINTON, N. Y.
PEOPLES' N. Y.
READING, PA.
These OLD CORPORATIONS are well seasoned by age and FIRE TESTED and have never yet had a loss settled by any court of law. Their assets are all invested in SOLID SECURITIES are liable to the hazard of FIRE only.
LOSSES PROMPTLY and HONESTLY adjusted and paid as soon as determined by CHRISTIAN F. KNAPP, SPECIAL AGENT AND ADJUSTER BLOOMSBURG, Pa.
The people of Columbia county should patronize their agency where losses if any are settled and paid by one of their own citizens.
PROMPTNESS. EQUITY, FAIR DEALING.

H. G. Eshleman,
Plumber and gas fitter. Rear of Schuyler's hardware store.
Bloomsburg, Pa.
All kinds of fittings for steam, gas and water pipes constantly on hand.
Roofing and spouting attended to at short notice.
Tinware of every description made to order.
Orders left at Schuyler & Co's, hardware store will be promptly filled.
Special attention given to heating by steam and hot water.
y 9-1y

Scranton House,
—ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN.—
Victor Koch, Proprietor.
Rooms are heated by steam, well ventilated and elegantly furnished. Finest Bar and Lunch Counter in the city.
Meals to order at all hours. Ladies and Gents restaurant furnished with all delicacies of the season.
Location near D. L. & W. R. R. Depot, Scranton, Pa.
Mar 6-tf

HUNT'S KIDNEY & LIVER REMEDY NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL

Lots of People Say, "OH MY BACK."
Here is Solid
A 1 TESTIMONY
from Hard Working Men.

Machinist and Builder.
"I have been troubled years with kidney and bladder difficulty. After using four bottles of HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY I have been completely cured."—William C. Clark, Mason and Builder, Auburn, N. Y.
• • • "Health is better than wealth." • • •

Machinist.
Mr. George Karg, Machinist, 1138 Ridge Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., says:—"My disease started when I was quite a young lad by having weak kidneys. I have used just six bottles of HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY, and I solemnly proclaim, 'I feel like a new man.'"
• • • "Good counsel has no price, obey it." • • •

Mechanic.
Mr. Henry Williams, Mechanic, East Bridgeport, Conn., says:—"About two months ago I caught a heavy cold, which settled in my kidneys. I got a bottle of HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY and with the first dose began to get well."
• • • "Light suppers makes long lives." • • •

Railroad Man.
Frank B. Lee, office N. Y. C. & H. R. R. Little Falls, N. Y., June 8, 1883, says: "My father, 62 years old, had severe kidney and bladder disease for 20 years, urination causing acute pain. The weakness was so great he was obliged to wear a rubber bag. Twelve bottles of HUNT'S Kidney REMEDY completely cured him, and we consider it remarkable. We cheerfully recommend it."
• • • "Deeds are better than words." • • •
HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY has stood the test of time. It has been before the public for twenty years, and has cured every year thousands of people suffering from various diseases of the Kidneys and Liver, and kindred disorders, who had failed to get relief from doctors and who expected never to be cured. Thousands of testimonials from such persons attest its value. Send for book.
• • • "All's well that ends well." • • •
Sold by all druggists. Price $1.25. 9
HUNT'S REMEDY CO., Providence, R. I.
H. N. CHITTENTON, General Agent, N. Y.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
the popular favorite for dressing the hair, Restoring the color when gray, and preventing Dandruff. It cleanses the scalp, stops the hair falling, and is sure to please. 50c. and $1. sizes at Druggists.

PARKER'S TONIC
The Best Cough Cure you can use
and the best known preventive of Consumption. PARKER'S TONIC kept in a home is a sentinel to keep sickness out. Used discreetly it keeps the blood pure and the Stomach, Liver and Kidneys in working order. Coughs and Colds vanish before it. It builds up the health.
If you suffer from Debility, Skin Eruptions, Cough, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Kidney, Urinary or Female Complaints, or any disorder of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, Blood or Nerves, don't wait till you are sick in bed, but use PARKER'S TONIC to-day; it will give you new life and vigor.
HISCOX & CO., N. Y.
Sold by Druggists. Large saving buying $1 size.
aug. 14-1y

ORNAMENTAL IRON FENCES
OF CAST OR WROUGHT IRON.
Suitable for
Yards,
Cemetery Lots
and
Public Grounds.
—:o:—
The following shows the Picket Gothic, one of the several beautiful styles of Fence manufactured by the undersigned.

For Beauty and Durability they are unsurpassed. Set up by experienced hands and warranted to give satisfaction.
Prices and specimens of other designs sent to any address.
Address
S. M. HESS,
BLOOMSBURG PA.
May 4-tf

FREAS BROWN'S INSURANCE AGENCY. Moyer's new building, Main street, Bloomsburg, Pa.

	Assets.
Ætna Insurance Co., of Hartford, Conn	$7,078,220
Royal of Liverpool	13,500,000
Lancashire	10,000,002
Fire Association, Philadelphia	4,165,710
Phœnix, of London	5,266,376
London & Lancashire, of England	1,709,970
Hartford of Hartford	3,578,050
Springfield Fire and Marine	2,082,580

As the agencies are direct, policies are written for the insured without delay in the office at Bloomsburg. Oct. 28, '81-

W. H. HOUSE,
—DENTIST,—
BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA
All styles of work done in a superior manner, work warranted as represented. TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN by the use of Gas, and free of charge when artificial teeth are inserted.
Office over Klein's Drug Store.
To be open at all hours during the day.
Nov 28-1y

EXCHANGE HOTEL,
W. R. TUBBS, PROPRIETOR
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE.
Large and convenient sample rooms. Bath rooms hot and cold water, and all modern conveniences

KEYSTONE ACADEMY.
A school for both sexes. Separate building of brick, heated by steam, for the use of Ladies.
PROPERTY COST $50,000.
Prepares
For BUSINESS For COLLEGE,
—AND—
FOR TEACHING.
Special attention paid to students whose school privileges have been limited.
CLASS IN PHYSIOLOGY EACH TERM.
Location Exceptionally Healthful.
COST TO BOARDERS
PER YEAR $154.
Reduced rates on D. L. & W. R. R. Seventeenth year begins August 25. For catalogue or information address
REV. JOHN H. HARRIS, PH. D.
FACTORYVILLE, PA.
May 29, 3m.

Parker's Tonic.
It gives tone and power. For complaints of the kidneys, bowels, stomach, liver and lungs, for all the painful troubles of women and for those bodily disorders induced by anxiety, care and mental strain, its effects will surprise and charm you. It is not an essence of ginger. Delicious to the palate, an antidote to the liquor habit, and exceedingly helpful to the aged and feeble. 50c. and $1.00 sizes.
HISCOX & CO., New York.
july24,d.

SELECT STORY.

THE SEARCH-PARTY'S FIND.

I can stand it no longer. I must put down my confession on paper, since there is no living creature left to whom I can confess it.

The snow is drifting fiercer than ever to-day against the cabin; the last biscuit is almost finished; my fingers are so pinched with cold I can hardly grasp the pen to write with. But I will write—I must write—and I am writing. I cannot die with the dreadful story unconfessed upon my conscience.

It was only an accident, most of you who read this confession will perhaps say; but in my own heart I know better than that—I know it was a murder, a wicked murder.

Still, though my hands are very numb and my head swimming wildly with delirium, I will try to be coherent and to tell my story clearly and collectedly.

* * * * *

I was appointed surgeon of the Cotopaxi in June, 1880. I had reasons of my own—sad reasons—for wishing to join an Arctic expedition. I didn't join it, as most of the other men did, from pure love of danger and adventure. I am not a man to care for that sort of thing on its own account. I joined it because of a terrible disappointment.

For two years I had been engaged to Dora—I needn't call her anything but Dora; my brother, to whom I wish this paper sent, but whom I daren't address as "Dear Arthur"—how could I, a murderer?—will know well enough who I mean; and as to other people, it isn't needful they should know anything about it. But whoever you are, whoever finds this paper, I beg of you, I implore you, I adjure you, do not tell a word of it to Dora. I cannot die unconfessed, but I cannot let the confession reach her; if it does, I know the double shock will kill her. Keep it from her. Tell her only he is dead—dead at his post, like a brave man, on the Cotopaxi exploring expedition. For mercy's sake don't tell her that he was murdered, and that I murdered him.

I had been engaged, I said, two years to Dora. She lived in Arthur's parish, and I loved her—yes, in those days I loved her purely, devotedly, innocently. I was innocent then myself, and I really believe good and well-meaning. I should have been genuinely horrified and indignant if anybody had ventured to say that I should end by committing murder.

It was a great relief to me when I had to leave Arthur's parish, and my father's parish before him, to go up to London and take a post as surgeon to a small hospital. I couldn't bear being so far away from Dora. And at first Dora wrote to me almost every day with the greatest of affection, (Heaven forgive me if I still venture to call her Dora; her, so good and pure and beautiful, and I, a murderer.) But after awhile, I noticed slowly that Dora's tone seemed to grow colder and colder, and her letters less frequent. Why she should have begun to cease loving me, I cannot imagine; perhaps she had a premonition of what possibility of wickedness was really in me. At any rate, her coldness grew at last so marked that I wrote and asked Arthur whether he could explain it. Arthur answered me, a little regretfully, and with brotherly affection (he is a good fellow, Arthur,) that he thought he could. He feared—it was painful to say so—but he feared Dora was beginning to love a newer lover. A young man had lately come to the village of whom she had seen a great deal, and who was very handsome and brave and fascinating. Arthur was afraid he could not conceal from me his impression that Dora and the stranger were very much taken with one another.

At last, one morning, a letter came to me from Dora. I can put it in here, because I carried it away with me when I went to Hammerfest to join the Cotopaxi, and ever since I have kept it sadly in my private pocketbook.

"Dear Ernest (she had always called me Ernest since we had been children together, and she couldn't leave it off now when she was writing to let me know she no longer loved me): "Can you forgive me for what I am going to tell you? I thought I loved you till lately; but then I had never discovered what love really meant. I have discovered it now, and I find that after all I only liked you very sincerely. You will have guessed before this that I love somebody else, who loves me in return with all the strength of his whole nature. I have made a grievous mistake, which I know will render you terribly unhappy. But it is better so than to marry a man whom I do not really love with all my heart and soul and affection; better in the end, I am sure, for both of us. I am too much ashamed of myself to write more to you. Can you forgive me? Yours, Dora."

I could not forgive her then, though I loved her too much to be angry; I was only broken-hearted—thoroughly stunned and broken-hearted. I can forgive her now; but she can never forgive me, heaven help me!

I only wanted to get away, anywhere, anywhere, and forget all about it in a life of danger. So I asked for the place as a surgeon to Sir Paxton Bateman's Cotopaxi expedition a few weeks afterward. They wanted a man who knew something about natural history and deep-sea dredging, and they took me on at once, on the recommendation of a well-known man at science.

The very day I joined the ship of Hammerfest, in August, I noticed immediately there was one man on board whose mere face, and bearing, and manner were at first sight excessively objectionable to me. He was a handsome young fellow enough—one Harry Lemarchant, who had been a planter in Queensland, and who, after being burned up with three years of tropical sunshine, was anxious to cool himself, apparently, by a long Winter of Arctic gloom. Handsome as he was, with black mustache and big dark eyes rolling restlessly, I took an instantaneous dislike to his cruel thin lip and cold, proud mouth the moment I looked upon him. If I had been wise I would have drawn back from the expedition at once; it is a foolish thing to bind one's self down to a voyage of that sort unless you are perfectly sure beforehand that you have at least no instinctive hatred of any one among your messmates in that long forced companionship. But I wasn't wise, and I went on with him.

From the first moment, even before I had spoken to him, I disliked Lemarchant; very soon I grew to hate him. He seemed to me the most recklessly cruel and devilish creature (God forgive me that I should say it!) I had ever met with in my whole lifetime. On an Arctic expedition a man's true nature soon comes out—mine did, certainly—and he lets his companions know more about his inner self in six weeks than they could possibly learn about him in years of intercourse under other circumstances. And the second night I was on the Cotopaxi I learned enough to make my blood run cold about Harry Lemarchant's ideas and feelings.

We were all sitting on deck together, those of us who were not on duty, and listening to yarns from one another, as idle men will, when the conversation happened accidentally to turn on Queensland, and Lemarchant began to enlighten us about his doings when he was in the colony. He boasted a great deal about his prowess as a disperser of the black fellows, which he seemed to consider a very noble sort of occupation. There was nobody in the colony, he said, who had ever dispersed so many blacks as he had, and he'd like to be there dispersing again, for, in the matter of sport, it beats kangaroo hunting, or any other kind of shooting he had ever yet tried his hand at, all to pieces.

The second Lieutenant, Stepworth Paterson, a nice, kind-hearted young Scotchman, looked up at him a little curiously, and said: "Why, what do you mean by dispersing, Lemarchant? Driving them off into the bush, I suppose; isn't that it? Not much fun in that, that I can see, scattering a lot of helpless, black, naked savages."

Lemarchant curled his lip contemptuously (he didn't think much of Paterson, because his father was said to be a Glascow grocer) and answered in his rapid, dare-devil fashion: "No fun! Isn't there, just? That's all you know about it, my good fellow. Now, I'll just give you one example. One day the inspector came and told us there were a lot of blacks camping out on our estate, down by the Warramidgee river. So we jumped on our horses like a shot, went down there immediately, and began dispersing them. We didn't fire at them, because the grass and ferns and things were very high, and we might have wasted our ammunition; but we went at them with native spears, just for all the world like pig-sticking. You should have seen those black fellows run for their lives through the long grass—men, women and little ones together. We rode after them full pelt, and as we came up with them, one by one, we just rolled them over, helter-skelter, as if they'd been antelopes or bears or something. By and by, after a good long charge or two, we'd cleared the place of the big blacks altogether; but the gins and the children, some of them, lay lurking in among the grass, you know, and wouldn't come out and give us fair sport, as they ought to have done, out in the open; children will pack, you see, whenever they're hard driven, exactly like grouse, after a month or two's steady shooting. Well, to make them start and show game, of course we just put a match to the grass, and in a minute the whole thing was in a blaze, right down the corner to the two rivers. So we turned our horses into the stream and rode alongside; half a dozen of us on each river; and every now and then one of the young ones would break cover and slide out quietly into the stream and try to swim across without being perceived, and get clean away into the back country. Then we just made a dash at them with the big spears; and sometimes they'd dive—and precious good divers they are, too, those Queenslanders, I can tell you; but we waited around till they come up again, and then we stuck them as sure as houses. That's what we call dispersing the natives over in Queensland; extending the blessings of civilization to the unsettled parts of the back country."

He laughed a pleasant laugh to himself quietly, as he finished this atrocious, devilish story, and showed his white teeth all in a row, as if he thought the whole reminiscence exceedingly amusing.

Of course, we were all simply speechless with horror and astonishment. Such deliberate brutal murderousness—gracious heavens! what am I saying! I had half forgotten for the moment that I, too, am a murderer.

"But what had the black fellows done to you?" Paterson asked with a tone of natural loathing, after we had all sat silent and horror-stricken in a circle for a moment: "I suppose they had been behaving awfully bad to some white people somewhere—massacreing women or something—to get your blood up to such a horrid piece of butchery."

Lemarchant laughed again a quiet chuckle of conscious superiority, and only answered: "Behaving badly! Massacreing white women! Lord bless your heart, I'd like to see them! Why the wretched creatures wouldn't even dare to do it. Oh, no, nothing of that sort, I can tell you. And our blood wasn't up, either. We went in for it just by way of something to do, and to keep our hands in. Of course, you can't allow a lot of lazy, hulking blacks to go knocking around in the neighborhood of an estate, stealing your fowls and fruit and so forth, without let or hindrance. It's the custom in Queensland to disperse the black fellows. I've often been out riding with a friend, and I've seen a nigger skulking about somewhere down in the hollow among the tree-ferns, and I've just drawn my six-shooter, and said to my friend: "You see me disperse that confounded nigger!" and I've dispersed him right off—into little pieces, too, you may take your oath upon it."

"But do you mean to tell me, Mr. Lemarchant," Paterson said, looking a deal more puzzled than shocked, "that these poor creatures had been doing absolutely nothing?"

"Well, now, that's the way of all you home-sticking sentamentalists," Lemarchant went on, with an ugly simper. "You want to push on the outskirts of civilization, and to see the world colonized, but you're too squeamish to listen to anything about the only practicable civilizing and colonizing agencies. It's the struggle for existence, don't you see; the plain outcome of all the best modern scientific theories. The black man has got to the wall; the white man, with his superior moral and intellectual nature, has got to push him there. At bottom, it's nothing more than civilization. Shoot 'em off at once, I say, and get rid of 'em forthwith and forever."

"Why," I said, looking at him with my disgust speaking in my face (heaven forgive me). "I call it nothing less than murder."

Lemarchant laughed, and lit a cigar but after that, somehow, the other men didn't much care to talk with him in an ordinary way more than was necessary for carrying out of the ship's business.

And yet he was a very gentlemanly fellow, I must admit, and well read and decently educated. Only there seemed to be a certain natural brutality about him, under a thin veneer of culture and good breeding, that repelled us all dreadfully from the moment we saw him. I dare say we wouldn't have noticed it so much if we hadn't been thrown together so closely as men are on an Arctic voyage, but then and there it was positively unendurable. We none of us held any communication with him whenever we could help it, and he soon saw that we all of us thoroughly disliked and distrusted him.

That only made him reckless and defiant. He knew he was bound to go the journey through with us now, and he set to work deliberately to shock and horrify us. Whether all the stories he told us by the ward-room fire in the evenings were true or false, I can't tell you—I don't believe they all were; but at any rate he made them seem as brutal and disgusting as the most loathsome details could possibly make them. He was always apologizing—nay, glorying—in bloodshed and slaughter, which he used to defend with a show of cultivated reasoning that made the naked brutality of his stories seem all the more awful and unpardonable at the bottom. And yet one couldn't deny, all the time, that there was a grace of manner and a show of polite feeling about him which gave him a certain external pleasantness, in spite of everything. He was always boasting that women liked him; and I could easily understand how a great many women who saw him only with his company manners might think him brave and handsome and very chivalrous.

I won't go into the details of the expedition. They will be found fully and officially narrated in the log, which I have hidden in the captain's box in the hut beside the captain's body. I need only mention here the circumstance immediately connected with the main matter of this confession. * * * *

One day, a little while before we got jammed into the ice off the Liakov Islands, Lemarchant was up on deck with me, helping me to remove from the net the creatures that we had dredged up in our shallow soundings. As he stooped to pick out a Leptocardium borealis I happened to observe that a gold locket had fallen out of the front of his waistcoat and showed a lock of hair on its exposed surface. Lemarchant noticed it too, and with an awkward laugh put it back hurriedly. "My little girl's keepsake!" he said in a tone that seemed to me disagreeably flippant about such a subject; "she gave it to me just before I set off on my way to Hammerfest."

I started in some astonishment. He had a little girl then—a sweetheart he meant, obviously. If so, heaven help her! For any woman to be tied for life to such a creature as that was really quite too horrible. I didn't even like to think about it.

I don't know what devil prompted me, for I seldom spoke to him, even when we were told off on duty together; but I said at last, after a moment's pause, "If you are engaged to be married, as I suppose you are, from what you say, I wonder you could bear to come away on such a long business as this, when you couldn't get a word or letter from the girl you're engaged to for a whole Winter."

He went on picking out the shells and weeds as he answered in a careless, jaunty tone: "Why, to tell the truth, Doctor, that was just about the meaning of it. We're going to be married next Summer, you see, and for reasons of her papa's—the deuce knows what!—my little girl couldn't possibly be allowed to marry one week sooner. There I'd been; knocking about and spooning with her violently for about three months, nearly; and the more I spooned, and the more I got tired of it, the more she expected me to go on spooning. Well, I'm not the sort of a man to stand billing and cooing for a whole year together. At last the thing grew monotonous. I wanted to get an excuse to go off somewhere, where there was some sort of fun going on, till the Summer came, and we could get spliced properly (for she's got some tin, too, and I didn't want to throw her over); but I felt that if I'd got to keep on spooning for a whole Winter without intermission, the thing would really be one too many for me, and I should have to give up from sheer weariness. So I heard of this precious expedition, which is just the sort of adventure I like; I wrote and volunteered for it, and then I managed to make my little girl and her dear papa believe that as I was an officer in the naval reserve, I was compelled to go when asked, willy, nilly. 'It's only for half a year, you know, darling,' and all that sort of thing—you understand the line of country; and meanwhile I'm saved the bother of ever writing to her, or getting any letters from her, either, which is almost in its way an equal nuisance."

"I see," said I, shortly. "Not to put too fine a point upon it, you simply lied to her."

"Upon my soul," he answered, showing his teeth again, but by no means pleasantly. "you fellows on the Cotopaxi are really the sternest set of moralists I ever met with, outside of a book of sermons or a Surrey melodrama. You ought all to have been parsons, every man Jack of you; that's what you're fit for."

* * * * * * * *

On the 14th of September we got jammed and the Cotopaxi went to pieces. You will find in the Captain's log how part of us walked across the pack to the Liskov Islands and settled ourselves on Point Sibiriskoff in Winter quarters. As to what became of the other party, which went southward to the mouth of the Lena, I know nothing.

It was a hard Winter, but by the aid of our stores and an occasional walrus shot by one of the blue jackets, we managed to get along till March without serious illness. Then, one day, after a spell of terrible frost and snow, the Captain came to me and said: "Doctor, I wish you would come and see Lemarchant, in the other hut here. I'm afraid he's got a bad fever."

I went to see him. So he had. A raging fever.

Fumbling about among his clothes to lay him down comfortably on the bearskin (for, of course, we had saved no bedding from the wreck), I happened to knock out once more the same locket that I had seen when he was emptying the dragnet; there was a photograph in it of a young lady. The seal-oil lamp did not give much light in the dark but (it was still the long Winter night on the Liakov islands), but even so I couldn't help seeing and recognizing the young lady's features. Great heaven support me! uphold me! I reeled with horror and amazement. It was Dora.

Yes, his little girl, that he spoke of so carelessly, that he lied to so easily, that he meant to marry so cruelly, was my Dora.

I had pitied the woman who was to be Harry Lemarchant's wife even when I didn't know who she was in any way; I pitied her terribly, with all my heart, when I knew that she was Dora—my own Dora. If I have become a murderer after all, it was to save Dora—to save Dora from that unutterable, abominable ruffian.

I clutched the photograph in the locket eagerly, and held it up to the man's eyes. He opened them dreamily. "Is that the lady you are going to marry?" I asked him with all the boiling indignation of that terrible discovery seething and burning in my face.

He smiled, and took it all in in half a minute. "It is," he answered, in spite of the fever, with all his old dare-devil carelessness; "and I recollect they told me the fellow she was engaged to was a doctor in London and a brother of the parson. By Jove, I never thought of it before that your name, too, was actually Robinson. That's the worst of having such a deuced common name as yours; no one ever dreams of recognizing your relations. Hang it all; if you're the man I suppose now, out of revenge, you'll be wanting next to go and poison me."

"You judge others by yourself, I'm afraid," I answered sternly. Oh, how the words seemed to rise up in judgment against me now the dreadful thing is all over!

I doctored him as well as I was able hoping all the time in my inmost soul (for I will confess all now) that he would never recover. Already in wish I had become a murderer. It was too horrible to think that such a man as that should marry Dora. I had loved her once and I loved her still; I love her now; I shall always love her. Murderer as I am, I say it nevertheless—I shall always love her.

But at last, to my grief and disappointment, the man began to mend and got better. My doctoring had done him good; and the sailors, though even they did not love him, had shot him once or twice a small bird of which we made fresh soup that seemed to revive him. Yes, yes, he was coming round; and my cursed medicines had done it all. He was getting well, and he would still go back to marry Dora.

The very idea put me into such a fever of terror and excitement that at last I began to exhibit the same symptoms as Lemarchant himself had done. The captain saw I was sickening, and feared the fever might prove an epidemic. It wasn't; I knew that; but the captain insisted on disbelieving me. So he put me and Lemarchant into the hut and made all the others clear out, so as to turn it into a sort of temporary hospital.

Every night I put out from the medicine chest two quinine powders apiece for myself and Lemarchant.

One night, it was the 7th of April (I can't forget), I woke feebly from my feverish sleep, and noticed in a faint sort of fashion that Lemarchant was moving about restlessly in the cabin.

"Lemarchant," I cried authoritatively (for as surgeon I was of course responsible for the health of the expedition), "go back and lie down upon your bearskin this minute. You're a great deal too weak to go getting anything for yourself as yet. Go back this minute, sir, and if you want anything I'll pull the string and Paterson'll come and see what you're after." For we had fixed up a string between the two huts, tied to a box at the end, as a rough means of communication.

"All right, old fellow," he answered, more cordially than I had ever yet heard him speak to me. "It's all square, I assure you. I was only feeling whether you were quite warm and comfortable on your rug there."

"Perhaps," I thought, "the care I have taken of him has made him really feel a little grateful to me." So I dozed off and thought nothing more at the moment about it.

Presently I heard a noise again; and woke up quietly, without starting, but just opened my eyes and peered about as well as the dim light of the little oil lamp would allow me.

To my great surpise I could make out somehow that Lemarchant was meddling with the bottles in the medicine chest.

"Perhaps," thought I again, "he wants another dose of quinine. Anyhow, I'm too tired and sleepy to ask him anything just now about it."

I knew he hated me and I knew he was unscrupulous, but it didn't occur to me that he would poison the man who had just helped him through a dangerous fever.

At 4 I awoke and proceeded to take one of my powders. Curiously enough, before I tasted it the grain appeared to be rather coarser and more granular than the quinine I had put there. I took a pinch between my thumb and finger and placed it on my tongue by way of testing it. Instead of being bitter, the powder, I found, was insipid and almost tasteless.

Could I possibly in my fever and delirium have put some other powder instead of the quinine into the two papers. The bare idea made me tremble with horror. If, so, I might have poisoned Lenarchant, who had taken one of his powders already, and was now sleeping quietly upon his bearskin. At least I thought so.

Glancing accidentally to his place that moment I was vaguely conscious that he was not really sleeping, but lying with his eyes held half open, gazing at me cautiously and furtively through his closed eyelids.

Then the horrible truth flashed suddenly across me. Lemarchant was trying to poison me.

Yes, he had always hated me, and now that he knew that I was Dora's discarded lover he hated me worse than ever. He had got up and taken a bottle from the medicine chest, I felt certain, and put something else instead of quinine inside my paper.

I knew his eyes were fixed upon me then, and for the moment I dissembled. I turned round and pretended to swallow the contents of the packet, and then lay down upon my rug, as if nothing unusual had happened. The fever was burning me fiercely, but I lay awake, kept up by the excitement, till I saw that he was really asleep, and then once more I undid the paper.

I saw at once what Lemarchant had done. He had emptied out the quinine and replaced it by some other white powder, probably arsenic. But a little of the quinine still adhered to the folds in the paper, because he had been obliged to substitute it hurriedly, and that at once proved that it was no mistake of my own, but that Lemarchant had really made the deliberate attempt to poison me.

This is a confession, and a confession only, so I shall make no effort in any way to exculpate myself for the horrid crime I committed the next moment. True, I was wild with fever and delirium; I was maddened with the thought that this wretch would marry Dora. I was horrified at the idea of sleeping in the same room with him any longer. But still, I acknowledge it now, face to face with a lonely death upon this frozen island, it was murder, willful murder. I meant to poison him, and I did it.

"He has set this powder for me, the villian," I said to him, "and now I shall make him take it without knowing it. How do I know that it's arsenic or anything else to do him any harm? His blood be upon his own head, for aught I know about it. What I put there was simple quinine. If anybody has changed it, he has changed it himself. The pit that he dug for another, he himself shall fall therein."

I wouldn't even test it, for fear I should find it was arsenic, and be unable to give it to him innocently and harmlessly.

I rose up and went over to Lemarchant's side. Horrors of horrors! he was sleeping soundly! Yes, the man had tried to poison me, and when he thought he had seen me swallow his poisonous powder, so callous and hardened was his nature, that he didn't even lie awake to watch the effect of it. He had dropped off soundly, as if nothing had happened, and was sleeping now, to all appearance, the sleep of innocence. Being convalescent, in fact, and therefore in need of rest, he slept with unusual soundness.

I laid the altered powder quietly by his pillow, took away his that I had laid out in readiness for him, and crept back to my own place noiselessly. There I lay awake, hot and feverish, wondering to myself hour after hour when he would ever wake and take it.

He sat up, took the spoonful of treacle, and poured the powder as usual into the very middle of it. I watched him drink it off at a single gulp without perceiving the difference, and then I sank back exhausted upon my roll of sealskins.

All that day I was very ill; and Lemarchant lying tossing beside me, groaned and moaned in a terrible fashion. At last the truth seemed to dawn upon him gradually, and he cried aloud to me; "Doctor, Doctor, quick, for Heaven's sake! You must get me out an antidote. The powders must have got mixed somehow, and you've given me arsenic instead of quinine, I'm certain."

"Not a bit of it, Lemarchant," I said, with some devilish malice; "I've given you one of my own packets, that was lying here beside my pillow."

He turned as white as a sheet the moment he heard that, and gasped out horridly, "That—that—why, that was arsenic!" But he never explained in a single word how he knew it, or where it came from. I knew, I needed no explanation, and I wanted no lies, so I didn't question him.

I treated him as well as I could for arsenic poisoning, without saying a word to the captain and the other men about it; for if he died, I said, it would be by his own act, and if my skill could still avail, he should have the benefit of it, but the poison had had full time to work before I gave him the antidote, and he died by 7 o'clock that night in fearful agonies.

Then I knew I was really a murderer.

My fingers are beginning to get numb, and I'm afraid I shan't be able to write much longer. I must be quick about it if I want to finish this confession.

* * * * * * *

After that came my retribution. I have been punished for it, and punished terribly.

As soon as they all heard Lemarchant was dead—a severe relapse, I called it—they set to work to carry him out and lay him somewhere. Then for the first time the idea flashed across my mind that they couldn't possibly bury him. The ice was too deep everywhere, and underneath it lay the solid rock of the bare Granite islands. There was no snow even, for the wind swept it away as fast as it fell, and we couldn't so much as decently cover him. There was nothing for it but to lay him out upon the icy surface.

So we carried the stark, frozen body, with its hideous staring eyes wide open, out by the jutting point of rock behind the hut, and there we laid it, dressed and upright. We stood it up against the point exactly as if it were alive, and by and by the snow came and froze it to the rock, and there it stands to this moment, glaring forever fiercely upon me.

Whenever I went in or out of the hut, for three long months, that hideous thing stood there staring me in the face with mute indignation. At night, when I tried to sleep, the murdered man stood there still in the darkness beside me. Oh God! I dared not say a word to anybody, but I trembled every time I passed it, and I knew what it was to be a murderer.

In May the sun came back again, but still no open water for our boat. In June we had the long day, but no open water. The captain began to get impatient and despondent, as you will read in the log, he was afraid now we might never get a chance of making the mouth of the Lena.

By-and-by the scurvy came. (I have no time now for details, my hands are so cramped with cold), and then we began to run short of provisions: Soon I had them all down upon my hands, and presently we had to lay Patterson's corpse beside Lemarchant's on the little headland. Then they sank one after another—sank of cold and hunger, as you will read in the log—till I alone, who wanted least to live, was the last left living.

I was left alone with those nine corpses propped up awfully against the naked rock, and one of the nine the man I had murdered.

May heaven forgive me for that terrible crime; and for pity's sake, whoever you may be, keep it from Dora—keep it from Dora!

My brother's address is in my pocket-book.

The fever and remorse alone have given me strength to hold the pen.

THE COLUMBIAN.

G. E. Elwell, J. K. Dittenbender., } Editors.

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 14, 1885.

Gen. Grant's war horses are turning up all over the country. There will soon be as many of them as there used to be of George Washington's nurses.

T. V. Powderly of Scranton who has been named as a candidate for State Treasurer by several democratic papers, has declined to allow his name to go before the convention.

Travis C. VanBuren is, since the recent death of Martin VanBuren, the President's grandson, the only male representative of the name made famous by the elevation of the great New Yorker to the presidency.

According to statistics collected by the Baltimore *Sun*, out of 3,377 murders committed last year in the United States, the perpetrators were punished with death in 313 cases, and 210 of these perished by lynch law. Only one murderer in 33, therefore, is hung according to law in this great country, and one in about 15 by irregular methods. Ten out of eleven escape the gallows altogether.

The average cost of harvesting grain is said to be less in California this year than ever before. The combination harvesting machines have greatly reduced expenses, and the wages of labor this season are comparatively low. One farmer in the San Josquin Valley reports that the cost of harvesting his crop this year has been only four cents a sack, whereas the cost of thrashing alone, under old methods, was as high as fifteen cents a sack. A saving of a few cents a bushel in harvesting, with wheat at low prices, may represent the difference between profit and loss.

It is probable that Mr. Carlisle will be elected speaker of the next congress without opposition, and that his name will be presented by ex-Governor Curtin.

A Washington dispatch says:

This courteous act on the part of Mr. Randall's best friend ought to dispose of the oft-recurring stories of his intriguing for the Speakership. It has a still greater significance among politicians, and that is in its bearing on tariff legislation this winter. Mr. Randall has already indicated his desire for a proper and thorough revision of the tariff, and indications point to a more harmonious action in respect to that and other legislation this winter There will probably be such concessions on both sides that a fair adjustment of the tariff may be had before the close of the Forty-ninth Congress. The Morrison makeshift was held in great contempt by many Democrats who voted for it. With a materially reduced majority it will be necessary to control the full vote of the party if any bill is passed, and this can only be done by a fair revision and not by a horizontal reduction. Under Mr. Carlisle the composition of the House committees will be very nearly the same as the last Congress. It could scarcely be better. Mr. Morrison will retain the committee on ways and means and Mr. Randall the appropriations, where his superior abilities find an ample field.

MESSRS. EDITORS:

DEAR SIRS:—In last week's issue of the *Republican* we see another humiliating spectacle—the editor lamenting the removal of a gauger. They talk very differently now. About election time this good-morality party would scorn to hold office under a "moral leper" like President Cleveland. Now they cry like babies when a removal is made; this too after holding office for twenty-four years. It may be that I am wrong in replying to the *Republican* editor as by this means I give more prominence to his limited circulation. His attempt to vent his spite on young McHenry because his father was falsely imprisoned as shown by the Columbia County History, and the acknowledgement of Charles Dodson that he had sworn falsely, is in very bad taste, as every intelligent person, (the *Republican* editor excepted) knows that these are the facts. The Democracy have a formidable rebellion to put down, viz: Republican extravagance and misrule; and they propose to do it effectually. "Turn the rascals out." I suppose we will hear another wail from the *Republican*, as the person who rendered such efficient aid to the rebellion has just been appointed Postmaster at Cambra Pa. Horrible! Can't the *Republican* editor call on the military and have this business stopped?

In conclusion, did the *Republican* editors ever encourage mob law in Bloomsburg, and call for ropes to hang certain Democrats who refused to howl with them, when Democrats were both in the front, and suffering false imprisonment? The *Republican* editor is, we observe, very ready to make up records for Democrats. Will this loyal editor now give us his own brave record? Were you in the front fighting the battles for the Union, or, were you at home persecuting innocent citizens? Come now, give us a square answer. CAMBRA.

The Brockway Will Contest.

THE ALLEGATION OF FORGERY SUSTAINED.

The hearing in the matter of the contested will of Beckwith S. Brockway was held before A. W. Boyd, Register, at Wilkesbarre, last week Tuesday.

Senator Hughes, of Philadelphia, counsel for the plaintiffs, Charles B. and Frank E. Brockway, opened the case by calling Frank E. Brockway to the witness stand, whose testimony in brief was that the alleged will submitted for probate some years ago by Daniel F. Seybert, in which the said Seybert was made the executor and beneficiary of the estate of Beckwith S. Brockway, deceased, is a forgery.

He was familiar with the handwriting of his father and also with the handwriting of Daniel F. Seybert, and recognized the writing on the will as the writing of Daniel F. Seybert. The signature to the will was not in the handwriting of his father, Beckwith S. Brockway.

Charles B. Brockway also testified to the forgery of his father's name to the alleged will, and gave reason for knowing why the name was forged. His father never dotted the "i" in writing Beckwith. He also testified that Daniel F. Seybert himself admitted that the will was forged and said to witness that if it would help the case along any, he would show it to be a forgery.

Theodore F. Creig was sworn and testified that shortly after the death of Beckwith S. Brockway, Daniel F. Seybert came to him and asked if he had any signature of the deceased in his possession; stating that his reason for desiring to secure different signatures of the deceased was that there was likely to be some trouble about certain papers; that these papers would be closely scanned now, as he wanted to fix things up so that there would be no doubt of their being all right when the time came to settle up. That he, Creig, handed Daniel F. Seybert several papers containing the signature of Beckwith S. Brockway, the same being receipts, orders, etc. That Seybert took these receipts away with him.

He remembered a conversation with William W. Seybert about the will in which William stated that the whole thing was a forgery. That there was a difference between Daniel F. and William W. Seybert in 1874. It occurred one day while they were passing from one of Daniel's houses to another, both being on the same property; that Daniel insisted upon William paying him some money that he owed; that William reminded him that the agreement was, when he signed the forged will as a witness, that his debt to Daniel was cancelled and that in case the will got through all right and Daniel got the money from the insurance companies, a much larger sum (mentioning thousands) would be paid to William in addition to cancelling the debt. Daniel would not hear to this and said he would issue an execution and compel William to pay. William said that he told Daniel then and there that he would expose the forgery of the will if Daniel attempted to collect the money. Daniel made a rush at William and said; "D—n you, I'll kill you if you expose that will business." William stepped to one side and avoided the blow and picked up a stone to defend himself. Witness talked with Daniel afterwards about the quarrel that had occurred between him and William, when Daniel said to him, the witness, that he would certainly kill William if he exposed anything.

C. F. Hill, an insurance agent from Hazleton, who wrote the policy of Beckwith S. Brockway in the Ætna Life Insurance Company, of New York, was the next witness. He was requested to examine the will and state in whose handwriting the will was written. Mr. Hill said, after a careful examination of the writing, that he was of the opinion that Daniel F. Seybert had written the body of the will, and that the signature attached thereto was not in the handwriting of Beckwith S. Brockway, but appeared to him to resemble the writing in the body of the will, which he was sure was written by Daniel F. Seybert; also upon cross-examination that while on his way home from Pittsburg, after a trial, he was in the company of William W. Seybert, who said to him that the note presented by Daniel to the court to prove that he had an insureable interest in Mr. Brockway's life, was a forgery, and that the will was no better.

This closed the testimony of the plaintiff. Daniel F. Seybert, though present at the hearing in the beginning, declined to take any part in the examination of the witnesses or to be present by counsel. Counselor Hughes asked that the Register reject the probate of the will, as the evidence presented left no particle of doubt that the will was a forgery. After reading over the testimony again, Register Boyd granted the prayer of the petitioners for the rejection of the will.

HISTORY OF THE CASE.

About the year 1867 Daniel F. Seybert, of Beach Haven, induced Beckwith S. Brockway, of the same vicinity, to have his life insured for the sum of $40,000, of which $20,000 were in the Ætna Life of New York, $10,000 in the Connecticut Mutual Life and $10,000 in the Mutual Benefit Life, of Newark, N. J. About a year after this Beckwith S. Brockway died. The death proof was made out and all the preparations made for collection of the insurance money by D. F. Seybert. The companies interested objected to paying Seybert on the ground that he had no insurable interest in the case. Seybert brought suit against the Ætna company in 1872 in the courts of Luzerne county. The matter was submitted to a referee—now Judge Hand—whose decision was adverse to Seybert's claim on the ground that he had no insurable interest in the life of Brockway. Seybert rested until 1882, when he brought suit against the Newark company for the amount of its policy, $10,000.

New complications had arisen in the meantime between Daniel F. Seybert and William Wallace Seybert, who was the witness to the will under which Daniel held his claim. William had carried out his threat and when the case against the Newark company was called the most important witness for the company was Daniel's former confederate, W. W. Seybert. The thing that Daniel depended upon to win his case before the United States Court was a note for $10,000 that he placed in evidence. This note it was alleged was given by Beckwith S. Brockway to Daniel F. Seybert for value received. William W. Seybert took the stand and swore that this note was a forgery, and that the will held by Daniel was no better. That ended the matter at that time and in the meantime the heirs of Beckwith S Brockway began to look up their interest.

The insurance companies have a lawsuit now with the people who are free from all the complicating alliances that made Daniel F. Seybert a failure before the courts, and the impression among well-posted lawyers is that the companies will have to hand over $80,000, instead of $40,000, as the claim originally stood, the interest for sixteen years just about doubling the original claim.—*News Dealer.*

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 1,2 1885.

The city had a deserted appearance last Saturday. All of the Government buildings and most of the private business houses were closed. The President all of his Cabinet, accompanied by a large number of officials, together with about 2,000 other persons left the city the afternoon before to attend the Grant obsequies, and thousands of others availed themselves of the general cessation of all business to take short excursions into the mountains and down the river to Mt. Vernon, the tomb of Washington, and to other points. Altogether the day was a very quiet and solemn one, and except for the salutes fired every half hour and the tolling of bells during the day together with the minute guns fired from Fort Meyer in the evening, supreme quiet would have reigned.

Before the President and his Cabinet officers left, however, some of the hungry office seekers managed to get a few crumbs from the democratic table. Judging from the number of prominent Senators and Newspaper men in the city last week, some powerful political influence must have been brought to bear on the President for appointments, which it was hoped he would make before leaving for his four weeks recreation in the Adirondacks. You need not therefore be surprised if some important appointments in the states are made during the President's absence, although it has been stated that he would take no political cares into the woods with him.

It has for years been the custom to allow departmental clerks thirty days leave of absence in a year, and thirty days additional "sick leave" with pay. But this has been changed so as to allow only thirty days in all. This leave has usually been taken in the summer months, but so far this year but few leaves have been applied for, compared with what have been granted in the same months in previous years. Many of the clerks are fearful that if they should take a leave it might be extended indefinitely without pay, and so their courage to ask for it is very weak. But there is little need of any one leaving Washington in summer. At this season of the year the foliage, plants and shrubbery which adorn our circles and parks are in the height of their glory. The least observant person can scarcely pass by them without being conscious of a pleasurable emotion.

A count just completed of the public documents stored at the Capitol shows that there are about 700,000 of such documents stored there. There used to be a great demand for Agricultural Reports, but not such a large demand of late years, as most people have thought; for some years past there have been as many as 10,000 copies a year left undistributed.

The Medical Museum, which occupies the old Ford's Theatre on Tenth street, made historic by the assassination of President Lincoln in it, is in luck. Congress at its last session appropriated $200,000 for the erection of a new building. The site selected is the Smithsonian grounds, where it will stand alongside the Smithsonian and National Museum buildings—places well known to every person who has ever visited Washington. Bids just received for its erection range from $179,000 to $233,000.

The next building erected ought to be for the Library of Congress, so as to relieve the crowded condition of the Capitol building, and provide a safe repository for the thousands of volumes now stacked up so as to be inaccessible.

Lieut. Greely's health is not as bad as reported. He is spending the summer in Massachusetts, and expects to leave in October for Scotland, but his report on the Arctic expedition will be given to the public before he sails for that country. This report will be printed by the Government at its own printing office in this city.

Great difficulty is experience every winter in properly and economically heating the various government buildings here, many of which cover an area of over 90,000 square feet. With the view of remedying the evil a stock company has just been organized to heat buildings generally by means of superheated water, forced through mains laid underground. The water is made to fill the pipes, and heated above 212° temperature, and is designed to take the place of steam and furnace heat heretofore used. If it should ever be adopted by the Government for heating its buildings here there will be "millions in it."

One of our most prominent merchants has on exhibition in his store window on Penna. Ave., the largest brook trout ever seen. It weighed ten pounds when caught in Rangeley Lake, Maine, and measures thirty inches from head to tail, and eighteen inches in circumference. It belongs to George Shepperd Page, of New York City, one of the best known fisherman in the country, and was sent here to a celebrated taxidermist to be mounted. It will be returned to New York this week.

An Embarrassing Rebuke.

[From the Chicago Daily News.]

Apropos of the President's journey, it was said by some of his friends today that they did not expect Whitelaw Reid to invite the Chief Magistrate to dinner during Mr. Cleveland's stay in New York. There is a little story connected with this which is as interesting as it is true. Notwithstanding the abusive treatment of Gov. Cleveland in the columns of the *Tribune* the editor of that paper addressed Cleveland a letter shortly after the election asking him to call upon him when he came to New York. This letter, it is unnecessary to say, was never answered. When the President visited New York late in the winter for the purpose of meeting the leaders in the Democratic party, with whom he was unacquainted. Mr. Reid was one of the first to call and pay his respects. As he arose to leave he whispered in the President's ear: "You have not told me when you will dine with me."

Looking him full in the face the President replied: "I read an able editorial in your paper a few weeks ago saying that I ate with my knife, and that my table manners were not those of a gentleman. I don't think, under the circumstances, that you will feel aggrieved at my refusing the invitation."

Mr. Reid, as the story goes, passed out of the room without another word.

The Contracts Forfeited.

SECRETARY WHITNEY DECLARES THAT JOHN ROACH HAS NOT FULFILLED HIS AGREEMENT.

Secretary Whitney has sent the following letter to John Roach and his assignees and sureties on the contract for the Chicago:

"By the tenth clause of your contract with the United States, dated July 26, 1883, for the construction of one steel cruiser of about 4,500 tons displacement, it was agreed that the hull, machinery and fittings of such vessel should be completed and ready for inspection for the purpose of delivering on or before the expiration of eighteen months from the date of the contract. It was further provided in the eleventh clause that in the case of the failure or omission of the contractor, or at any stage of the work prior to final completion, from any cause other than the order of the Secretary of the Navy, to go forward with the work and make satisfactory progress towards its completion, it should be optional with the Secretary to declare the contract forfeited.

More than six months have elapsed since the expiration of the limit thus fixed and the work upon the vessel has been stopped, while much remains to be done before she can be finally completed. At the same time it was evident that the public interests require the vessel in question, known as the Chicago, to be completed with all practicable speed, and it has therefore become necessary for the department to take immediate and definite action looking to that end.

"Under these circumstances, and in consequence of the failure of the contractors to proceed with the work, I have to inform you that the contract above referred to is hereby declared to by forfeited on the part of the contractors and that the rights of the United States under the contract, and especially the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth clauses thereof, are now operative. You are further informed that is it the intention of the department, after the inventory and appraisement shall have been made, to take steps for the prosecution of the work and the completion of the said vessel in accordance with the conditions expressed in the contract; and that in the meantime, the chiefs of the Bureaus of Steam Engineering and Repair of this department will take charge of the vessel, machinery, materials and fittings."

Similiar letters also were sent in regard to the Atlanta and the Boston and an order issued to Chief Engineer and Chief Constructor Wilson directing them to take charge of the work. In issuing the order Secretrry Whitney says:

"The order issued to-day with reference to the Boston, Atlanta and Chicago is made in pursuance of my duties under the eleventh clause of the contract. Under that section there is to follow an inventory showing to what point of completion the vessels have come and what material there is on hand in the contractor's yard which was provided for the ships and how far the work has progressed, to be followed by a valuation of these things. There is then a provision that the department shall decide whether to complete the ships.

He Meant to Shoot Grant.

THE STORY THAT AN OFFICER IN LEE'S ARMY IS SAID TO HAVE RELATED AFTER THE WAR.

A writer in the New York *Sun* tells this story: A few months after the termination of the siege of Paris in 1871, during which I had acted as special correspondent for an English newspaper, I was staying for a short time at the Grand Hotel in that city. While I was sipping coffee and smoking a cigar an American friend, Colonel W., entered and introduced me to a gentleman who accompanied him. We sat down at the little marble table of the cafe for a chat. The conversation soon became interesting, for all three were brimful of military anecdotes and reminiscences of the late war in France as well as of the war in America. Colonel W.'s friend, whose name has escaped my memory, was prevailed upon to relate the following story, which is given as thoroughly reliable:

"Although the Colonel here and I were firm friends from the days of our youth, we found ourselves, like many others, when the war of secession broke out, ranged upon opposite sides. We were, however, spared the distress of being thrown into immediate personal contact during that dreadful period. I was always a headstrong, impetuous sort of fellow, and a red-hot partisan of the Confederate cause. Toward the latter part of the war I had worked up my intemperate zeal to the point of believing that nothing could save the Confederacy from destruction except some heroic deed of self-sacrifice. The continued series of defeats which we had recently sustained at the hands of General Grant had served to inspire in my mind an intense rage which ultimately degenerated into a bitter personal hatred against the man himself.

"At this particular period we were nearing what proved to be the termination of the terrific struggle, for General Lee, in whose army I was an officer, was expecting to come into actual collision with General Grant's main army from day to day. Of course you have read and heard all about the final surrender of the Confederate forces. As soon as information reached me that our sacred cause was ruined my indignation rendered me furious, but I breathed not a word of the ignoble resolution which I had suddenly formed, namely, that General Grant should not survive his triumph. Briefly, I so contrived as to get mixed up among the group of staff officers surrounding General Lee when Grant rode down unostentatiously to receive the formal surrender of our chieftain. I had previously, however, fortified myself for the critical moment with two stiff glasses of whisky. Then I set myself to watching closely for an opportunity of getting a shot at him with my revolver.

"When Lee advanced with melancholy but courteous dignity and tendered his sword to the conqueror I could have lodged a bullet in Grant's heart with dead certainty, but some mysterious interposition of Providence stayed my murderous hand for the moment. General Grant took the proffered sword with both hands, examined it, and, with a winning smile, gracefully handed it back to its owner, saying: 'This beautiful weapon could not be worn by a braver or worthier men. Therefore, General Lee, I have the honor of returning it to you,' or words to this effect.

"A sudden revulsion of feeling overcame me and tears rushed to my eyes. Time passed and it was not until about two years ago that I found the chance of once more seeing General Grant. On that occasion I was presented to him in the White House by Colonel W. With choked utterance I entreated a few private words with him, confessed the shame, which for several years had weighed heavily on my heart, and craved his forgiveness. Laying his left hand on my shoulder he held my right hand within his warm and friendly grasp, as with that sad but bewitching smile of his he said softly: 'Let us both thank God, sir, and never speak of the incident again.'"

Victoria C. Woodhull in English Society.

London Letter to New York Sun.

Mrs Victoria Claflin Woodhull now fills a high place in English society. Her husband, Mr. John Biddulph Martin, is the wealthy banker of 68 Lombard Street. His cousin, Mr. George T. Biddulph, banker, of Charing Cross, is married to Lady Wilfreda, daughter of Lord Selborne; her brother to the present Prime Minister, the Marquis of Salisbury's daughter. Very soon one of the wealthiest men in England, and titled, will marry Miss Tennie C. Claflin. These two great female reformers will doubtless visit the United States from time to time, but their home will always be in England. Mr. and Mrs. John Biddulph Martin accompanied the British Association last year, when he (vice president of the society) read his paper in Montreal "upon the future of the United States."

"Truth is stranger than fiction."

Pennsylvania Democrats

WHAT THEY HAVE DONE.

[From the Lancaster Intelligencer.]

Some of the glib and over-smart people who are depreciating the Democracy of Pennsylvania and indulging in jibes at the pretensions of recognition and trust, will do well to remember that at the last election, despite the hopelessness of carrying the State, the Democrats polled 392,785 votes in Pennsylvania for Cleveland.

Maine cast at the same election for the Democratic candidate 96,932; Vermont, 17,331; Massachusetts, 122,352; New Hampshire, 36,192; Connecticut, 67,167; Rhode Island, 12,391; Delaware, 16,976; Nevada, 5,557—a total of 377,918.

Pennsylvania gave for Cleveland 44,867 more votes than all the New England States combined, with Delaware and Nevada thrown in. Our one State beat eight.

And yet from the bodies of Democrats in these eight States—of which only two furnished Democratic electors, and Cleveland had a majority without them—the new administration has found and taken some very worthy subjects for its favor and for party distinction. Little Delaware furnished a Secretary of State; the minority of Massachusetts furnished a Secretary of War, and Tom Waller's constituents in Connecticut were honored with appointments to the first two Consulates in England.

A Democrat is a Democrat wherever he is found, and it is no reproach to him that he maintains his principles against odds.

A Dead Issue.

When the people of the United States buried Gen. Grant they laid beside him in the grave forever the last excuse for sectional agitation. Almost with his dying breath the commander of the Union armies expressed his thankfulness that he had been spared long enough to see for himself the "happy harmony" that had been established between the North and the South, and his words to the ex-Confederate Gen. Buckner, from whom he wrested Fort Donelson during the war, will live in history. "We may now," wrote Gen. Grant, "well look forward to a perpetual peace at home and a national strength that will screen us against any foreign complication." At the tomb Saturday four of the most distinguished surviving generals of the war—Sherman and Sheridan, who had fought for the Union, and Buckner and Johnson, who had fought for the Confederacy—stood side by side. And as the iron doors closed on the mortal remains of the dead commander, they shut in forever the decaying corpse of sectional animosity.

Will it be possible for partisan fanticism or political necessity to again revive a feeling of antagonism between the two sections of the Union? Will it be in the power of the politicians to persuade the people to pay no heed to falsify his predictions of "happy harmony" between those who were at enmity only a few years ago?

Let us hope not! When partisan orators and organs charge the South with heading new rebellions; with a determination to defy the Constitution and violate the rights of citizens; with being still "unreconstructed rebels" and with a desire to be again "in the saddle," let us hope that the people will have the good sense to remember the words of peace and fraternity traced by the feeble hand of the dying soldier of the Union, and will rebuke the attempt to tear open his grave and destroy the patriotic work to which he devoted the last hours of his life.—*World.*

The Oldest Judge in the World Dies in Lynchburg, Virginia.

Judge James Garland, probably the oldest judge in the world, and it is believed, the oldest member of the Masonic fraternity in the United States, died at his home in Lynchburg Saturday night, in the 95th year of his age. Judge Garland was a native of Albemarle county, Va., and descended from one of the best families. He adopted the profession of the law, and, being a man of remarkable intellectual endowments, was early in his career conspicuous for his great ability as an advocate, and finally came to be the greatest prosecuting attorney in Western Virginia. He served as a volunteer in the war of 1812, and was twice elected to congress. During Jackson's administration he was a warm friend of the President, and make a notable speech in defence of the latter in the house, for which Jackson thanked him both in person and by letter. He was prosecuting attorney for nearly twenty years, and judge of the corporation court for fifteen years, and has been altogether at the bar and on the bench 73 years, having only retired in 1883, when in his 92d year, and after he had become totally blind.

In all his official life he never had but two of his decision reversed. He became a Mason in 1812. He voted for James Madison for President, and every nominee of the Democratic party since, having gone to the polls in a carriage last November and cast his vote for Cleveland and Hendricks. The bells of the city were tolled out of respect to him.

What the Funeral Cost.

THE EXPENSE OF THE GREAT PAGEANT A MATTER OF GUESS-WORK.

All that has been published concerning the cost of General Grant's funeral is pure guess-work. Things have not yet taken such shape that it could be otherwise. Mr. Merritt, the undertaker, said that he could not tell whether his bill would be twenty thousand dollars or twenty thousand cents. He did not know yet what the expense of numbers of details had been to him and until he knew this it was impossible to make even an approximate estimate of what his charges would be. The first order came to him in a telegram from Colonel Fred Grant, the day the General died. This covered the canopy, the coffin, the embalming and all that was done at Mt. McGregor. The second order came from the War Department and covered the funeral car, five hundred carriages and the work here in the city. So far as he knew now he should render one bill to the government and another to Colonel Grant.

What the doctors bills are is equally as much in doubt. Dr. Douglas up to the time of the General's death had received from the family only $1,000. This was in the form of a check made out by the General himself on receiving an installment of his retired pay. The family have as yet received nothing from the General's book and probably will receive from it much less than has been asserted.

They get seventy cents on the volume and up to the time of the General's death their share from the subscriptions now in amounted to about $40,000. They have received no advances from the publishers. Colonel Grant is without resources, but will have a valuable property when he has completed the biography of his father, upon which he will at once set to work.

The disposition of some of the most valuable mementoes of the funeral has already been decided upon. The large American flag that was laid on the ice casket at Mt. McGregor will be retained by Colonel Grant. One of the flags that was on the funeral car will be given to U. S. Grant Post, G. A. R., one to the Seventh Regiment, New York, and one to Mrs. Dr. Newman. The manner in which the fourth one is to be disposed of has not yet been decided upon.

General News.

Maxwell the alleged murderer of Preller at St Louis, has been brought back to this country from Auckland. He declines to say anything about the matter.

The terrible ravages of the cholera in Spain continue steadily to increase. The number of new cases that are now reported average not less than four thousand a day.

The Sub-treasury at San Francisco has $93,000,000 in its vaults. Mr. Brooks, the newly appointed Sub-Treasurer, is willing to accept a count by weight, but Mr. Spalding, the incumbent insists upon every piece being counted, which would require six to eight months to do. A decision has been asked from Washington.

A farmer living near Middletown N. Y. who was losing his potatoes by parties digging them up at night, resolved to watch his patch. He and a friend, armed with guns, took a position near the patch, but both fell asleep, and, upon wakening, found that two rows of potatoes had been dug and their guns were stolen.

The soldier's monument at Atlanta is to have the statues of Grant, Lee, Johnston, and Sherman around the base of the column. Near the top will be two soldiers, the blue and the gray, clasping hands, and above the globe that crowns the summit will be the Goddess of Liberty. The structure will be 180 feet in height and will cost $100,000.

Miss Rosalie Kimafoski, daughter of a well known Polish merchant of Wilksbarre, married a negro named "Doc" Wheeler of that city one day last week. The alderman who married them says the girl wore a veil over her face, and he supposed they were both of the same color.

The Grant Family Resources.

From Letter to Philadelphia Press.

I was struck by a remark made to me by Dr. Newman. He said to me, in speaking of the family and the money they might have to live on: "There are eight families, you see, to be supported." Now, isn't that a little bit exaggerated? The widow should be placed, beyond question, far up along the line of pecuniary ease. Well let's see about that, I am told by Mr. Jones that the $250,000 fund is as much a $250,000 fund to day as it ever was. That will give this good lady $15,000 a year. Congress will unquestionably pension her, as it has all the widows of all other presidents, and give her $5,000 a year. The publishers of Gen. Grant's memoirs have already orders for nearly three hundred thousand copies, on which Mrs. Grant is to receive 75 cents each, and the large probabilities are—certainly the expectations are—that a million copies will be sold, on each of which she is to receive 75 cents. In other words the good lady will be rich beyond the dream of possible avarice.

If we are to assume that the young men are incapable of earning their own living, there is quite sufficient in the annual income to support them all. But Fred Grant has married the daughter of a very rich man, many times a millionaire, indeed, and is in the enjoyment of a handsome income from that source, and in this country, where Gen. Grant was born a humble lad, and worked himself by clean-cut industry, perseverence, energy and loyal service, to such a point of public favor as to be made twice President of the United States, and when he dies to be deemed worthy of a national monument, it seems odd and strange, even for Dr. Newman, to class among the eight families to be supported the boys who are men, old enough long since to go into business, to have lost a fortune in a financial crash which have no precedent and which thus far, fortunately, has had no successor.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall-St., N. Y. aug 11-1 y.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

COLDS. "Corville, Ohio, Sept. 10, 1882. "Having been subject to a bronchial affection, with frequent colds, for a number of years, I hereby certify that AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL gives me prompt relief, and is the most effective remedy I have ever tried. JAMES A. HAMILTON, Editor of *The Crescent*."

COUGHS. "Mt. Gilead, Ohio, June 26, 1882. "I have used AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL this spring for a severe cough and lung trouble with good effect, and I am pleased to recommend it to any one similarly affected. HARVEY BAUGHMAN, Proprietor Globe Hotel." PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

Trade Mark

QUALITY PURITY QUANTITY On Every Bottle.

THE BEST TONIC.

This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malarin, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver.

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives.

It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—*other iron medicines do.*

It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.

☞ The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other.

Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

NOTICE OF INQUEST.

ESTATE OF GEORGE HESS, DEC'D.

To Rebecca Hess, widow, Guava, Columbia county, Pa.; Clinton Hess, son, of the same place; Ezekiel Hess, son, Coles Creek, Columbia county, Pa.; Emanuel Hess, son, Unionville, Tuscola Co., Michigan; Elsie Hess, daughter, Guava, columbia county, Pa.; Andrew Hess, son, whose last known place of residence was Watrousville, Tuscola county, Michigan; Angelina Gibbons, daughter, intermarried with I. B. Gibbons, of Central, Columbia county, Pa.; Sarah Baker, daughter, intermarried with Wesley Baker, Unityville, Lycoming county, Pa.; Mary Elizabeth Fritz, daughter, intermarried with Amandus Fritz, Coles Creek, Columbia county, Pa.; Alexander Hess, son, Sonestown, Sullivan county, Pa.

You are hereby notified that a petition for partition of the lands of George Hess, late of Sugarloaf township, deceased, was presented at an Orphans' Court held at Bloomsburg, Pa. on the 10th day of July, A. D. 1885, and that an inquest in said estate was ordered to make partition to and among the heirs and legal representatives of said decedent. And if the said inquest shall be of the opinion that the premises cannot be divided without injury to or spoiling the whole, to value and appraise the whole of the said real estate or the several shares or purparts into which they may divide it.

In pursuance of said order an inquest will be held on the premises described in said petition, situate in Sugarloaf township, on the fourth day of September, A. D. 1885, between the hours of 9 a. m. and 4 p. m., when and where you can attend if you desire. JOHN MOUREY, Aug.-7-4t. Sheriff.

SATISFACTION OF A MORTGAGE.

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, COLUMBIA COUNTY ss:

In the matter of the petition of Mary Evans for satisfaction of mortgage.

Court of Common Pleas, No. 2, May Term, 1885.

To B. F. Hartman, administrator and legal representative of John Ramsey, late of Bloomsburg, County aforesaid, deceased, and all persons and parties claiming to be the holder or holders of the mortgage in said petition referred to:

Whereas, it appears that Thomas Harris late of Bloomsburg aforesaid did on the 1st day of July, A. D., 1843, execute to John Ramsey, a mortgage in due form of law for $160,00 which mortgage is recorded in the office for the recording of deeds, &c., at Bloomsburg, in Mortgage Book 3, page 150. *And Whereas*, Thomas Harris the mortgagor died on or about July 25, A. D., 1855, and John Ramsey the mortagee died in February, 1883. *And Whereas*, it is alleged that all the money owing on said mortgage was paid prior to the death of said Thomas Harris, to the said John Ramsey. *And Whereas*, legal presumption of the payment of said mortgage now exists from lapse of time and no satisfaction appears on the record thereof.

And, Whereas, Mary Evans, the owner of the mortgaged premises, has applied by petition to the Court of Common Pleas of Columbia county, where the mortgaged premises are situate, praying said court to decree and direct that satisfaction be entered upon the record of said mortgage by the Recorder of deeds, on payment of the costs due relative to the entry of said mortgage, or any proceedings thereon, and the satisfaction so entered shall forever discharge, defeat and release the same mortgage, according to the Act of Assembly, approved June 10, A. D. 1881.

Therefore, all parties interested as holder or holders of said mortgage are required, in pursuance of an order of the court, to appear at the next term of the court of common Pleas of Columbia county, on the fourth Monday of September, A. D., 1885, to answer the petition as aforesaid and show cause if any they have why said mortgage shall not be satisfied according to the prayer of the petitioner.

Billimeyer Atty. JOHN MOUREY, uly 17, 4w Sheriff.

EXECUTOR'S SALE OF VALUABLE Real Estate!

The undersigned executor of William J. Allen, late of Madison township, Columbia county, dec'd, will expose to public sale on the premises in Madison township, near Jerseytown, on

Saturday, August 22, 1885,

at one o'clock p. m., the following described real estate:

All that certain farm or piece of land situate in Madison township, Columbia county, Pa., bounded northwardly by the public road leading from Jerseytown to White Hall eastwardly by public road leading to Washingtonville, southwardly by lands of Wm. Johnston and westwardly by lands of Conrad Kreamer, containing

80 ACRES,

more or less, including about

Four Acres of Wood Land.

whereon are erected a two-story

Frame Dwelling House,

barn, wagon-house and other outbuildings.

Terms made known on day of sale. Persons wishing to view the premises please call on the undersigned.

GEO. W. SUPLEE, Executor, Jerseytown, Pa.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

ESTATE OF JACOB MCCULLEN.

Letters of administration on the estate of Jacob McCullen, late of Madison township, Columbia county, Pennsylvania, deceased have been granted by the Register of said county to the undersigned Administrator. All persons having claims against the estate of the deceased are requested to present them for settlement, and those indebted to the estate to make payment to the undersigned administrator without delay.

July 10-tf* M. A. WATSON, Administrator.

SATISFACTION OF A MORTGAGE.

C. P. No.—Sept. Term, 1885.

In the matter of the petition of I. W. McKelvy for satisfaction of a mortgage given by Bernard Seybert to Thomas Harder.

COLUMBIA COUNTY SS:

To B. P. Fortner, administrator of Thomas Harder, late of Catawissa, deceased, and all persons claiming to be the owner or owners of said mortgage:

Whereas, it appears by the records in the office of the Recorder at Bloomsburg, that a certain mortgage dated the 3rd day of April, 1869, given by Bernard Seybert to Thomas Harder, to secure the payment of certain money, recorded in Mortgage Book No. 2, page 321, remains unsatisfied. *And Whereas*, said Thomas Harder died on the—day of —1880, and the said Bernard Seybert is also believed to be dead. *And Whereas*, it is alleged that all the money due on said mortgage was paid to the said Thomas Harder prior to his death, and a legal presumption now exists of the payment of said mortgage from lapse of time. *And Whereas*: I. W. McKelvy, present owner of the mortgaged premises has applied to the Court of Common Pleas of said county where said premises are situated, praying said court to decree and direct that satisfaction be entered upon the record of said mortgage, on payment of the costs due on the same and the satisfaction so entered shall forever discharge, and release the lien of said mortgage from the said premises. Therefore all persons interested as owners or holders of said mortgage, are required by an order of said court, to appear at the next term of said court to be held at Bloomsburg, on the 4th Monday of September, A. D., 1885, to answer the petit ion as aforesaid, and to show cause if any there be, why said mortgage shall not be satisfied as prayed for in said petition.

Elwell Atty. JOHN MOUREY, July 17-4w Sheriff.

Established 1866. FAY'S

MANILLA ROOFING!

Resembles fine leather for ROOFS, OUTSIDE WALLS, and INSIDE in place of Plaster. Very strong and durable. CARPETS and RUGS of same material. Catalogue with testimonials and samples Free. W. H. FAY & CO., Camden, N. J. Aug.7,d.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY TICKET.

FOR SHERIFF, SAMUEL SMITH,

FOR JURY COMMISSIONER, G. W. DERR,

FOR CORONER, DR. J. M. GWINNER.

MARKET REPORTS.

BLOOMSBURG MARKET.

Wheat per bushel	$ 93	1 00
Rye " "		60
Corn " "		50
Oats " "		40
Flour per barrel	5 00 & 6	40
Butter		18
Eggs		14
Tallow		05
Potatoes new		25
Dried Apples		04
Hams		12
Sides and shoulders		9
Chickens		10
Turkeys		12
Lard per pound		10
Hay per ton	13 00 &	16 00
Beeswax		25
Hides per lb		5 to 7
Veal skins per lb		07
Wool per lb		35

TAX NOTICE.

The undersigned Treasurer of the town of Bloomsburg, hereby gives notice that she is prepared to receive

The Columbian.

BLOOMSBURG, PA.,

Correct Railroad Time Table.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 14, 1885.

Trains on the Philadelphia & R. R. leave Rupert as follows:

NORTH.	SOUTH.
6:06 a. m.	11:49 a. m.
3:42 p. m.	6:13 p. m.

Trains on the D. L. & W. R. R. leave Bloomsburg as follows:

SOUTH.	SOUTH.
6:21 a. m.	8:00 a. m.
10:21 a. m.	11:44 a. m.
2:20 p. m.	4:34 p. m.
6:39 p. m.	8:47 p. m.

Trains on the N. & W. B. Railway pass Bloom Ferry as follows:

NORTH.	SOUTH.
10:52 a. m.	12:08 p. m.
6:57 p. m.	4:15 p. m.

Cheap Advertisements.

Advertisements will be inserted in our local columns at the following rates:

Situations wanted, free.
Lost or found, free.
Help wanted, 20 cents.
Rooms to rent, 20 cents.
One time each, or 3 times, 40 cents.

Standing Offers.

The COLUMBIAN is offered on the following terms:

COLUMBIAN and N. Y. Weekly *World*	1 yr.	$2.50
" " Phila. " *Times*	"	2.35
" " *American Agriculturist*	"	2.50
" " *Tribune & Farmer*	"	2.25

Other papers will be added to this list.

For 4 new subscribers to the COLUMBIAN accompanied with the cash, $6.00, a copy of the History of Columbia county will be given to getter up of club.

For 3 new names and $4.50 we will send the COLUMBIAN one year free to person sending names; or if names are sent in by one now taking the paper we will credit his account with one year's subscription.

For 2 new names, with $3.00, we will send paper for 6 months to the person securing the names for us.

For 1 new name with $1.50, we will send paper 3 months to person securing the same for us.

On receipt of 10 cents we will send the COLUMBIAN to any address in the county for one month on trial, and paper will not be sent longer unless so ordered.

PUBLIC SALES.

G. A. Herring, Trustee, will sell the undivided one-half interest of Edward Lewis deceased, in certain real estate in Bloomsburg on Tuesday, September 1st, at 2 p. m.

G. W. Suplee, executor of W. J. Allen, deceased, will sell real estate in Jerseytown on Saturday, August 22, at 1 p. m.

Franklin Rhodes, administrator of Henry Rhodes, deceased, will sell real estate in Roaringcreek township on Friday, August 21st, at 1 o'clock p. m.

Personal.

Miss Free of Philadelphia is visiting at Dr. Rutter's.

F. P. Cosper, of Pittston, is visiting friends in town.

Judge Elwell expects to be at home about September 1st.

John Wanich, of Wilkes-Barre, made his friends here a visit this week.

Jesse Hoffman, one of Centre's prosperous farmers, was in town Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Bertsch, of Mauch Chunk, are visiting their son, G. W.

Mr. F. P. Drinker and family and Mr. L. Paxton drove up to Ganoga Lake on Wednesday.

Col. Seeley, of Berwick, has been appointed aide-de'camp on the staff of the Department Commander G. A. R.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Suri lost their twin children within a week. One was buried on Friday and the other on Monday.

Elmer E. Person, who served his apprenticeship in this office, is working on the *Breakfast Table* at Williamsport. We congratulate that paper on securing the services of an excellent compositor.

Twenty-five hundred people spent last Sunday at Mountain Grove.

There was a Welsh picnic at Oak Grove from Hyde Park last Monday.

The Chinese laundry seems to be doing very well.

All kinds of blanks for sale at the COLUMBIAN office.

I. J. Jamison has been appointed postmaster at New Columbus.

The Presbyterian Sunday School had a picnic at Oak Grove on Thursday.

Everybody is groaning. The thermometer has gone up into the nineties again.

J. S. Reitz has re-opened his meat market, and continues business at the old stand.

Bicycling is becoming quite popular here. Some of the later riders have not yet appeared in public.

Oak Grove was occupied by a picnic party composed of the members of two M. E. churches in Lackawahna county, on Wednesday.

The sale of real estate of W. J. Allen, deceased, of Madison township, has been changed to Saturday, August 22d, instead of the 29th.

The jurors for September court were drawn on Monday. The list will appear in due season. Court does not begin until the 28th of September.

There will be a tent meeting in Sugarloaf township, in Forrest grove, near N. Harrington's foundry, commencing August 26, and to continue five days.

The body of Patrick Fennell was brought here from Danville on Monday and buried in the cemetery. He was a boss on the D. L. & W. road and died suddenly.

The Danville Insane Asylum's claim of $9,000, against Luzerne county, for the maintenance of paupers insane, has been settled by the payment of $1,424.10.

There will be a festival at Derry church on Saturday afternoon and evening, August 29th. Proceeds for the benefit of the church and Sunday school. All are invited.

Oh no, Mr. *Sentinel*, we neither "squirm" nor "wriggle." We only smile at the half column of contortions into which seven lines of the COLUMBIAN threw you last week.

The Pennsylvania Grain and Fertilizer Drill, and the Lansing Spring Harrow are both warranted first class. Call and see them. J. Howard Kline, agent, Orangeville, Pa. july 31-4w

Guy Jacoby, Esq., has been appointed examiner of the records, by the County Commissioners under the recent Act of Assembly. His duties are to examine the records in the Prothonotary's and Register's offices, and make a report of all judgments, mortgages, articles of agreement and other instruments bearing interest, which will be filed in the Commissioners' office, for purposes of taxation.

There will be a letting of a bridge to be erected over Briarcreek, near Jonathan Eck's, at the Commissioners' office on the 17th inst.

I. W. McKelvy's store dog was overcome by the heat on Wednesday. He had been chained up for some time, in the shade, and when let loose the sun was too much for him.

Besides the audits advertised in this paper, the following are published in other papers: Estate of Samuel Rimby, audit to be held September 10th; estate of Levi Miller, audit September 12th.

Baltis Sterling of Madison township has been appointed by the commissioners to take charge of the burial of indigent soldiers in that township. His name should have appeared in the list last week.

J. Howard Kline of Orangeville, is agent for the Pennsylvania Grain and Fertilizer Drill, and the Lansing Spring Harrow. Both machines are fully warranted. Call and examine before purchasing. july 31-4w

The steel plate for the case in which Gen. Grant's coffin is enclosed was made at Danville. The case weighs 3500 pounds and is rivetted together, so that it will be impossible for any one to rob the grave.

This is usually a dull season with printers, but the COLUMBIAN office has been obliged to employ extra hands for the past two months to enable it to fill the numerous orders that have been entered on our job book.

Of thirteen bodies disinterred from a private burying ground on the farm of H. Miles, near Dalton, Lackawanna county, two, that had been buried over 60 years, were perfectly petrified. The silken shrouds showed no signs of decay.

Miss M. Marsh, one of the leading nurses who did excellent service during the prevalence of the epidemic at Plymouth, and who afterwards went to Sugar Notch, where she attended several fever-stricken families, has been seized with the disease at the latter place.

The Harvest Home services of the Orangeville Reformed charge, will be in the following time, place and order: On Thursday, August 20, at Hidlay at 10 a. m and Orangeville at 7:30 p. m; on Friday, August 21, at St. James at 10 a. m. and Zion at 2. p. m. The public are invited.

All postoffices on the D., L. & W. road, south of Hunlock's Creek, have two services a day now. A through pouch is sent up to Hunlock's, and is distributed on the way down. Letters for Berwick, mailed here before 2 o'clock p. m., reach there the same afternoon, instead of waiting until next morning.

The fame of the Wirt Pen is certainly spreading. Robbins and Peacock, the general agents, received a letter from Finland last week, which was supposed to contain an order for pens, but as it was written in Scandinavian or some other unknown tongue, nobody in town could read it. The letter was sent to Prof. March of Lafayette College for translation.

A number of lives were lost in a coal mine at Mocanaqua, opposite Shickshinny, on Tuesday by suffocation from gas. The fan got out of order and was not working, but the mine boss told the men to go to work, as the fan would be repaired in an hour. The men went in, but many of them were soon overcome by the gas that had accumulated during the night. Many were rescued, but some lost their lives. The number of dead is not yet known.

A constitutional amendment, which has passed the Legislature at two succeeding sessions, is now being advertised in conformity with law, and preparatory to its submission to the people for approval or rejection at the next election. The constitution provides that counties having 40,000 population shall be made separate judicial districts. The amendment proposes to raise the quantum of population for a separate district to 60,000. The change looks in the direction of economy, and will probably be approved.

Our business year closes on the 1st of October. In September, bills will be sent to all who are one or more years in arrear. We dislike to dun anyone, and we know that everybody dislikes to be dunned, but as money is necessary to carry on business, we shall be obliged to send a special request by mail to all who are indebted to us on the first of September. We mention this matter now, so that all may have timely notice. Those who fail to settle up before that time will certainly have no cause of complaint if we send them a dun.

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Bloomsburg for week ending Aug. 11, 1885:

Miss Anna Balard, Miss Catherine Beyer, Miss Elizabeth Clark, Mrs. Lydia Durst, Joseph Harris, Miss Musia Kehler, Mrs. Addie Klein, S. S. Serat, Mr. John F. Stevens.

CARDS.

L. M. German, Grant & Co., H. A. Mackinis, Miss Bertha Shoose.

Persons calling for above please say 'advertised."

GEORGE A. CLARK, P. M.

The Third Annual Lutheran Assembly will be held at Rupert on August 21. The theme will be "The Sunday School." Eminent speakers will be present. Rev. M. L. Shindel, of Danville, will conduct the services and preside over the deliberations. Two sessions will be held. All Pastors, Sunday School Superintendents, Teachers and workers in the cause are most cordially invited to attend and participate in the discussions and show by their presence their warm interest in the welfare of the rising generation.

These Assemblies have been very popular in the past and are largely attended. Let all good people come and enjoy these services in the grove.

Those who desire can purchase lunch and coffee and a variety of refreshments which will be kept on the ground for sale.

Should it rain on that day it will be held the next day, Saturday.

The State Normal School of this district, at Bloomsburg, has outgrown its buildings. The trustees have been obliged to take steps to provide four more recitation rooms, and for the Model School more commodious quarters. They will at the same time add a large library and reading room. Another teacher will be added to the faculty. The attendance last term and the graduating class were the largest the school has ever had. Full professional standing is given by the diploma, and the tuition is almost free to those graduating within two years. Thorough training is secured by a large corps of skilled teachers and long recitation periods. Many students are prepared for college. The next year will open Tuesday, September 1, 1885, and the examination of candidates for the Senior class will begin on that morning. Students on the Lehigh Valley, Reading and Delaware, Lackawanna and Western railroads, get half fare by writing to the Principal for orders. For catalogue address Rev. D. J. Waller, Jr., Principal. 4t*

F. D. Dentler took a day off on Monday and went fishing on the river. He brought home eleven black bass.

How a Farmer Got a Wife.

The Wellsboro *Agitator* relates this little story: A few months ago a farmer who was also a widower went to the poor house in Tioga county to hire a housekeeper. He asked the superintendent if he had a person at the institution qualified as maid of all work on a farm. The superintendent, in a jocular vein, said he had no such person there, but there was an inmate who would make him an excellent wife. The farmer asked to see her. Her appearance pleased him, and the two soon struck up a bargain and were married at once, and he went home with his housekeeper and wife. We learn that the union so hastily arranged has been a very happy one.

Honors to the Dead.

Last Saturday afternoon all that was mortal of General Grant was consigned to the tomb. All over this broad land, North, South, East and West, the day was solemnly observed, and memorial services held. In this town the ceremonies were conducted by Ent Post, G. A. R. All places of business closed at 12 o'clock, and at 2 p. m. the Court House and church bells were tolled. A large audience gathered at the Opera House where the services began at 2:45. The stage was occupied by members of the post, numbering about 100, and the clergy of the town. The exercises opened with a hymn by the choir, Miss Nuss presiding at the organ. A portion of the G. A. R. ritual was then read, a prayer offered by Rev. N. Spear, a hymn followed, a chapter of scripture was read by Rev. A. Brittain, and the addresses were made by Revs. Waller, Tustin, Zahner, Monroe, Spewart and Strayer. The closing portion of the ritual was then read, after which the audience was dismissed with the benediction by Rev. Mr. Bridenbaugh.

The hall was appropriately draped, and a portrait of the dead hero hung from the centre of the stage, with a wreath of roses surrounding it. A vacant chair, heavily draped, stood at the front of the stage, in token of the death of a comrade.

The addresses were all of an appropriate and interesting character, and the solemnity of the occasion seemed to be felt and appreciated by the large congregation. No American citizen has ever received greater homage, living or dead, than was paid to General Graut, and his memory will go down to coming generations as one of the greatest soldiers of the world.

Washing Berries.

Mrs. Emma P. Ewing, in a very good article about berries, published in the *Woman's Magazine*, makes sensible reply to the frequently repeated asseveration that it quite ruins berries to wash them. She says: "A great deal of nonsense is talked and written about destroying the fine flavor of articles of food by washing them, when, as a matter of fact, the flavor is seldom injured in the slightest degree, but in nine cases out of ten is materially improved by the judicious use of clear water. Most plain, practical people, who have given the subject any thought, prefer dispensing with flavors which exist only in the imagination of esthetic culinary critics, for the sake of geting rid of the sand, dust, bacteria worms, bug legs, etc., that are inseparable from fruit on sale in the market, without a righteous baptism of pure water. And the coat of the stomach of the average citizen is in far more danger from this organic and inorganic nastiness than from properly washed berries. And for people who conscientiously believe that "cleanliness is next to godliness," strawberries, raspberries and all small fruits are improved by being properly rinsed, drained and sprinkled lightly with granulated sugar ten or fifteen minutes before they are served. A common, but very slovenly way of washing berries, and one well calculated to ruin them, is to throw the berries into a quantity of water before the stems are removed, and let them lie soaking while being picked out singly and hulled or stemmed. The correct method of washing all kinds of berries is to carefully stem and pick them over; a few minutes before they are needed place in a basin or bowl of cold water, tumble about gently and quickly with the hands, remove sprinkle lightly with fine granulated sugar and serve."

Council Proceedings.

Regular meeting of Town Council was held on Friday evening, August 7th., at 8 o'clock.

Street Commissioner appeared and made the following report, viz: That he had examined the premises of Mrs. Mann with reference to water trough mentioned in last regular meeting and found that it as represented; also that upon examination of the culvert across the highway near Traub's house, and following the brook to the old road near Kuhn's butcher shop, he found that the cause of the back water on the north side of the canal last Winter was due to accummulation of sand, &c. in the run south of the canal and to the caving in of banks of run. On motion of Sterling and Hagenbuch, the Secretary was instructed to notify property owners from Canal to Ferry Road, to clean out the said run.

U. H. Ent appears and complains of water in his celiar, coming from 7th street. The President, Mr. Sterling and Rosenstock, were appointed a committee to examine said matter.

On motion of Hagenbuch and Moyer, it is agreed upon to pay Mrs. Mann two dollars for pump for current year only.

Building permit is granted W. R. Kocher.

On motion of Sterner and Sterling, C. W. Neal be notified by Secretary to refill the gutter on Third street in ten days from such notice, otherwise to be done by Street Commissioner at Neal's expense, plus 20 per cent.

Dr. Reber presented bill for damages done him in consequence of his horse and buggy going over embankment near Iron Co.'s furnace. Claims that road is not properly protected by rails. No action taken on said bill.

There being several dangerous chimneys and flues on buildings of heirs of Jno. Jacoby, J. K. Eyer, Misses Phillips, heirs of Emile Weaver and estate of J. M. Chamberlin, M. C. Woodward is to notify them to have said chimneys repaired or rebuilt.

On motion of Sterner and Rosenstock, the Superintendent of sewers is to receive two dollars from each applicant for connection with sewer.

Enos Jacoby was elected Superintendent of Sewer.

B. F. Hartman, C. A. Klein and H. J. Clark were elected Sanitary Committee.

Petition from property owners on 4th street, asking for paving and grading on said street from Centre street to West street, was accepted and ordered filed.

Bills were passed to the amount of $211.45, and Secretary ordered to issue orders for same.

On Motion adjourned to meet on Friday, August 21st, at 7:30 p. m.

T. W. Conner, agent for the School Furnishing Co., of this place, has secured an order for 500 of the Conner patent desks for the Shenandoah schools. Orders have also been received from Weissport, Black Creek, Mifflin, Fairmount Springs, Hollenback, a district in Schuylkill county, two districts in Berks, Centre township and other points.

Although just introduced these desks are rapidly making a reputation, and when their merits are generally known they will be able to compete with any desk in the market. Many orders that have been taken were obtained in the face of strong competion.

Bradley's Superphosphate.

Manufactured by the Bradley Fertilizer Co., of Boston, can now be obtained in Bloomsburg. It is excellent in quality and is among the best fertilizers in the market. The prices are reasonable, and the results are very satisfactory. For particulars call on C. M. Bittenbender, under Opera House, Centre street, Bloomsburg. 3m.

Handshaking.

The etiquette of handshaking is simple. No man should assume to take a lady's hand until it is offered. A lady extends her hand and allows the gentleman to take it. On introduction in a room a married lady generally shakes hands; young ladies not often. In the ball room, where the introduction is for dancing, not for friendship, never shake hands. The more public the place of introduction the less handshaking takes place.

Fishingcreek Sunday School Association.

Fishingcreek Sunday School Association will hold its second meeting at the Asbury M. E. Church on Saturday, August 29, 1885. The following will be the order of exercises:

Enrollment of delegates.
Appointment of committees.
Topics to be discussed and object of Sunday school, &c.
Time and place of next meeting.
Let all ministers and Sunday school workers be present without fail.
Accommodations will be provided for all that may attend. Those who desire to take part in singing please bring Gospel Hymns, No. 3.

E. M. LAUBACH, Pres.
ELI ROBBINS, Sec'y.
AMOS HARTMAN, Treas.

The Court House Deluged.

Last week, Thursday afternoon, the old roof was entirely removed from the Court House, preparatory to putting on a new slate roof. It was left in this unprotected condition, and on Friday it rained hard all day, and the water poured down through the ceilings into the court room and law library, and on down into the offices on the first floor. The paper on the ceiling of the Sheriff's office was completely washed off, and was more or less injured in the other offices. At one time it looked as though all the books in the library would have to be removed, but by putting boards above the cases the water was turned off, so that no damage was done beyond soiling the covers of a few books.

An examination of the ceilings has shown that the plaster is solid and will not have to be taken off, and it will require but a few dollars to repair all damages.

The Soldiers' Home.

The efforts made by the citizens of this town towards securing the location of a Soldiers' Home here are commendable, but the prospect of success in the movement is not brilliant. The commission met at Erie last week.

Officers were received from Gettysburg, Valley Forge, Lewisburg, Pittsburg, New Brighton, Connellsville, Kiskiminetas Springs, Summit, in Cambria, Kimberton, in Chester, Dubois and Mechanicsburg. Those present were evenly divided on the acceptance of the Erie property. The Governor, General Beaver, Major Brown, and Auditor-General Niles are in favor of Erie, while Generals Wagner, Beath, Vanderslice and Stewart are favorable to locating the home in the Eastern part of Pennsylvania.

The commission cannot purchase grounds or buildings, so any locality that does not offer grounds free or on lease will stand no chance of securing the Home. If Bloomsburg is in earnest in the matter, it must be prepared to offer the commission a site that will cost the State nothing. Other places are doing this, and we must do as much, if we expect to have our claims considered.

Some Object to be Attained.

[Communicated.]

To the young man who is just starting in the flowery decked ways of youthful life, and who firmly believes that he will be able to conquer circumstances and grow into a prominent, good, and wise man I would say: first, build a pyramidal knowledge of beautiful and useful things. Do not be afraid to begin at the lower round and stroll leisurely over and about childlike curiosities or inquire into this or that mystery. The country that supports this corner stone is a pleasant valley. It is watered by myriads of choice rivers, and the golden atmosphere is mellowed by the light of rare gems and sparkling diamonds. Monuments of nature's handiwork smile upon you at every turn, and young, gleeful travelers make short the time that solitude prolongs almost to eternity. The fragrance of flowers unnumbered, (and many of them unknown), fill the air with tiny sweets beyond the comprehension of mortal man. The singing birds and chorister insects set in vibration the "Thousand Bristled Harp" in the mortal sounding board. None are out of tune, but all blend in one flow of majestic harmony. The air is of such character as to lull one into perfect happiness. And were it not for enraptured travelers who seek for new wonders, you would be content in this abode, to remain. But occasionally you will meet a messenger who brings the startling information that new fields for exploration are beyond, that grander and more profound beauties will appear in the next stage of this knowledge-seeking play. All is noise and confusion. Everyone is in a hurry to see the newly discovered territory. No one wishes to remain behind, but all rush with headlong speed that he or she may be the first of that vast company to sight the wonderous fields. O, wonder of wonders! Where are thy builders! Where are they who fashioned such mysterics, and tuned this musical strain? Sculpture reveals but thy outward forms, and "Fine Art" is a name not delicate enough to reach thy depths, while from the southern wave of sauskrit stock comes music the equal of which has never been found. This is the land of universal happiness and hard work. He who wanders here may be sure of much enjoyment. Try, though the subjects may seem meaningless at first sight, their depths are not to be sounded. Such are the pleasures; such the labors of the man who attempts a pyramidal knowledge, but all this gained, the successful man must have other qualities. He must care for his fellows. He must be a genuine man. L. J.

Benton.

The new hotel is almost ready to be turned over to the painters.

Mr. Cale O'Brien left Friday morning for Mountain Grove campmeeting.

George Crossley for four or five days has been suffering from a poisoned hand.

At last the boys have organized a base ball club and judging from the material of which it is composed "they'll never get left."

Playing ball in the streets has proven to be quite disastrous. Two large glass fronts in the window of the drug store were demolished by the ball.

The gypsies encamped one mile below town have made quite a raid on the finances of the youthful portion of this community. The past, present and future, have been revealed to them and some assume a rather mournful countenance over their lot. This is 1885, boys.

What is worse than the gossip of a small village where everybody knows everybody's business, where everybody's tongues are wagging and where one black crow is stretched to three? Well, Benton has its sufficient share of the above named epidemic. Madam Gossip has gotten hold of a new subject for herself and "fellow waggers" to talk about. Thus it runs: Some of the young men of this place have been wont to spend their evenings in a sociable and friendly game of euchre. A game as devoid of evil as croquet, base ball or any other amusement when played as these young men were accustomed to playing it, and not one-third as debasing as the everlasting "tongue music" of those gossipers who had nothing else to do but raise a lot of chin music about it. They have never played in bar-rooms or saloons as Madam has it—nor in groves on Sunday—black crow No. 2. Now we would enjoin upon these persons to remain at home—attend to their own domestic affairs and for the love of a peaceful community—*keep quiet*. Of course, there are such people in every community, but we are sorry to say Benton is greatly overstocked.

Orangeville.

Rev. A. B. Hooven has returned home from visiting relatives and friends at Salladasburg, Pa.

The Fall term of the Orangeville Academy opens August 17. The prospects are very flattering for a large attendance. With Prof. Harkins as teacher we expect to see our school well patronized again. It is the duty of the parents at large and this town especially, to give him all the support they can.

The game of base ball between our boys and the Lightstreeters last Saturday, resulted in favor of the Lightstreet club. Our boys play well but of late fail in getting a sufficient number to slide in on home plate.

Some of our farmers about here have Indian boys, training them how to farm. As I have learned they are trusty and good workers. Several attended services at the Presbyterian church Sunday last.

Messrs. A. B. Stewart and O. Conover took a flying trip to Stewart's Mills last week.

The proclamation of Governor Pattison was not observed in our town last Saturday. All our places of business were kept open during the burial services of General Grant.

Mr. Clarence Keller, of Scranton, was visitiug his parents of this place last week.

Mr. Frank Sleppy, of Shickshinny, was visiting his brother, L. M. Sleppy, last week.

Mr. Reuben Belles was surprised last Friday night by having a host of his friends call on him very unexpectedly, it being to remind him that it was his birthday.

Our accommodating harnessmaker, M. L. Kline, received an order for a very fine set of harness from Mr. F. L. Ricketts, the proprietor of Ganoga Lake House, which he delivered this week. Tice makes the best of work and consequently has a very large patronage.

Mr. Jos. Hughes and Mr. W. S. Fleckenstine each took a load of our town people to Mountain Grove camp-meeting Tuesday. It looks considerably as though our new livery is about starting up. Success, boys!

The hunters have already been locating their game. If the poor little chip monk does not want to be shot it had best hide until the game season is over. Such men as Doc will be hard on the brush; they will tramp them all down.

Quite a bit of oats is out yet as can be seen by looking at the hills surrounding our town. A few days of nice weather and it will be gathered.

Buckhorn.

Last Thursday Abijah Swisher evacuated Fort Mourey and returned to his home in Wedgetown.

Wm. Harris of Hamburg ended a visit with relatives at this place on Friday last.

Charels Unangst, Esq., of New York, visited his farm in this section occupied by E. J. Ohl. He is erecting thereon a large straw shed, 44x56. Peter Werkhiser is doing the carpenter work. Mr. Unangst is a man that believes in improvement.

Geo. Hartman treads on his lips, and his wife, Ella, is well pleased. It's a girl.

Cyrus Heller's spent Sunday with Chas. Werkheiser. Risk Terwilliger and family of Lightstreet, with his brother, Charles, our down town merchant. Phoebe Roat of Catawissa, with her parents, Reuben Bogart. Lillie Lanyan of Bloomsburg, with Minnie Bennett. Clark Richart and family at Reuben Bomboy's. Jacob Blecher and wife with friends in Dutch Valley.

The oats crop is an exceptionally poor one.

Everybody says that Buckhorn is such a d-r-y place. But we can't see it. It is as wet as any town in all the country around.

Laura Shoemaker is spending a week at home.

Lutheran services will be in the afternoon Sunday next.

John Kistler is taking the first step toward improving our sidewalks. He has contracted with Percival Foulk for paving stone at 90c. per square foot, delivered. Who will be the next? Our walks are in a very bad state and should be replaced or torn away entirely. A natural walk is better than a poor artificial one.

Huckleberries are plenty and pickers too.

Good bye bangs. Good bye frizzes and crimps, the up-behind-and-around-on-top method of wearing my hair has cut you all out.

John Neihart has gone to Mooresburg to engage in lime burning.

To-day, (Tuesday,) Mrs. Wm. Ohl returned with her daughters, Frances and Hattie, of Pottsgrove.

Remember Grange on Friday evening of this week.

Whatever may happen next week or doesn't happen, don't be surprised, my readers.

Stillwater.

In our items of last week we omitted to mention the funeral of Mrs. Mary Kline, which took place on Thursday previous. The deceased resided at Benton. She was about 44 yrs. of age, and a sister of our townsman, Isaiah Raber.

Last Friday Stephen Drescher threshed the wheat harvested off a little over three acres, and obtained ninety-eight and one-half bushels. The wheat was of the species known as the "Rocky Mountain."

Of what real practical use is the fly anyhow? When a boy going to school, we remember hearing our old teachers say that even the fly was created for some useful purpose. We accepted the teaching as true, for we reverenced the wisdom of the old time pedagogues; but viewed from a stand point of reason, we have never been able to discover the utility of the fly. We denounce him as a parasitical nuisance. We should be very much obliged to anyone who can answer the question, and describe his usefulness. We want the answer well founded, and the reasons drawn from logical conclusions.

Our wagon maker, Mr. John Barber has on hand an assortment of vehicles including farm wagons, truck wagons, spring wagons, spring boards, buggies, sleighs, &c. Mr. Barber is a competent mechanic, and any one purchasing of him need have no fear in regard to the workmanship and the quality of material used in the construction of his work.

A year or two ago the N. Y. *Sun* enjoyed quite a respectable circulation in this vicinity. Now it has fallen off to one copy, we believe. The democrats of this old democratic stronghold will not submit to the wishy washy hash which Mr. Dana dishes out to his readers occasionally. Last fall he failed to make a single vote for Ben Butler here, and lost his patronage. As a newspaper the *Sun* cannot be excelled, but in politics it is everywhere and nowhere at the same time.

Our genial friend, Frank Wolf, is busily engaged, working for the welfare of his fellow mens' soles.

The COLUMBIAN circulates almost exclusively in this neighborhood. It is to be found in almost every house. The people have come to regard it as one of the most substantial, and reliable papers published.

Wanamaker's.

PHILADELPHIA, August 10, 1885.

One hundred and fifty dozen ladies' hemstitched handkerchiefs with printed borders for 12½ cents, just half price; in fact, the quality of the handkerchiefs is as good as thirty-five cent ones; what's the matter with them? why, the borders are gay; some think too gay for this city; but they're "stylish" in other cities, why shouldn't they be so here?

By the Arcade steps.

A new lot of crinkled seersuckers at 18 cents making the assortment in these goods better than it has been for two or three weeks; the line is about complete; the latter may also be said of the 25 cent quality.

Northeast from center.

Shetland shawls $1 to $5.
Cashmere shawls, $1.50 to $4.
Cashmere, embroidered, $3.
India "chudda" shawls, $6 to $40.

1303 Chestnut, second floor.

Jerseys of every kind and quality

plain, in black and colors, $1.25, $2.
corded, with coat backs, $3.
dotted, with little tufted dots, $3.
braided, plain backs, $4; pleated backs, with white vests, $6.
red bunting jerseys for children, $1.50.
four qualities of plain jerseys for children.
dotted jerseys for children.
corded jerseys for children.

1303 Chestnut.

Sporting goods.

A remarkably good lawn tennis racquet for $2. Elberon, Casino and Brighton, $5.

Croquet sets, 90 cents to $12.

Baseball and cricket goods.

Fishing tackle of every kind and description.

jointed rods,
reels,
lines,
hooks,
floats,
sinkers,
flies,
landing nets and
baskets.

Mexican grass hammocks, $1.

Basement, K 7.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Chestnut, Thirteenth and Market streets, and City-hall square.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

HAY FEVER SPECIFIC.

I found it a specific for hay fever. For ten years I have been a great sufferer from August 9th till frost. Ely's Cream is the only preventive I have ever found.—Frank B. Ainsworth, of F. B. Ainsworth & Co., Publishers, Indianapolis, Ind. 4w.

"ROUGH ON RATS."

Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bed-bugs.

HEART PAINS,

Palpitation, dropsical swellings, dizziness, indigestion, headache, sleeplessness cured by "Wells' Health Renewer."

"RUCHU-PAIBA."

Quick, complete cure, all Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases, Scalding, Irritation, Stone, Gravel, Catarrh of the Bladder $1, Druggists.

BED-BUGS, FLIES.

Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice gophers, chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

THIN PEOPLE.

"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures dyspepsia, impotence, sexual debility. $1.

"ROUGH ON PAIN."

Cures cholera, colic, cramps, diarrhœa, aches, pains, sprains, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism. 20c. Rough on Pain Plasters, 15c.

MOTHERS.

If you are failing, broken, worn out and nervous, use "Wells' Health Renewer." $1. Druggists.

LIFE PRESERVER.

If you are losing your grip on life, try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to weak spots.

"ROUGH ON PILES."

Cures piles or hemorrhoids, itching, protruding, bleeding, internal or other. Internal and external remedy in each package. Sure cure, 50c. Druggists.

PRETTY WOMEN.

Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity. Don't fail to try "Wells' Health Renewer."

"ROUGH ON ITCH."

"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ring-worm, tetter, salt rheum, scalded feet, chilblains.

"ROUGH ON CATARRH."

Correct offensive odors at once. Complete cure of worst chronic cases, also unequaled as gargle for diphtheria, sore throat, foul breath. 50c.

THE HOPE OF THE NATION.

Children slow in development, puny, scrawney, and delicate, use "Wells' Health Renewer."

CATARRH OF THE BLADDER.

Stinging, irritation, inflammation, all Kidney and Urinary complaints, cured by "Buchu-Paiba." $1.

"WATER BUGS, ROACHES."

'Rough on Rats" clears them out, also Beetles, Ants.

Hunt's Remedy cures Bright's Disease of the kidneys, nervous disease, female weakness.

Women are everywhere using and recommending Parker's Tonic because they have learned from experience that it speedily overcomes despondency, indigestion, pain or weakness in the back or kidneys, and other troubles peculiar to the sex.

M. L. Blair, Alderman 5th ward, Scranton, Pa., stated Nov. 9, '83: He had used Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil for sprains, burns, cuts, bruises and rhumatism. Cured every time.

The best doctors use Hunt's Kidney Remedy among their most valued prescriptions.

"The ladies especially go into ecstacies over Parker's Hair Balsam," writes Mr. J. H. Decker, druggist of Findlay, Ohio. "They say it is the most elegant dressing they ever used." Stops falling hair, restores color, promotes growth.

Hunt's Remedy cures headache, costiveness, dyspepsia, diseases of the liver and kidneys.

Side by side in the drug store stand Vinegar Bitters and the health-blasting preparations fired up with bad rum. Take your choice between the vital elixir and the deadly poisons. The one cures every disease of the stomach, bowels, liver and nerves, the others aggravate all human ailments. Vinegar Bitters strengthens, the others weaken.

Dip one end of a sponge in water and the whole will soon be saturated. So a disease in one part of the body affects other parts. You have noticed this yourself. Kidney and liver troubles, unless checked, will induce constipation, piles rheumatism and gravel. A timely use of Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy will prevent these results. It is pleasant to the taste and may be taken freely by children and delicate females. It gives the elasticity, life and cheeks with roses on them.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is designed for those who need a medicine to purify their blood, build them up, increase their appetite, and rejuvenate their whole system. No other preparation so well meets this want. It touches the exact spot. Its record of forty years is one of constant triumph over disease.

FRESH COMPLEXIONS.

If you have humors and pimples, boils and eruptions on face, hands or skin, it is because the system needs toning and purifying. Nothing will give you such good health, smooth and fresh skin and vigorous feeling as Simmons, Liver Regulator, purely vegetable and not unpleasant to the taste. Take the Regulator to stimulate the liver, to cleanse the eyes and skin of yellowness, to improve digestion and to make the breath pure and sweet.

"It fairly wearies me to think of the multitude of things advertised to cure disease," you say. No wonder. But in the mountains of chaff their are grains of golden wheat. We may find it difficult to induce you to test the merits of Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, but when you have done so, our work is ended. Afterwards you and this medicine will be fast friends. Favorite Remedy would have died out long ago except for its real usefulness. But it is good and does good.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

By virtue of sundry writs issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Columbia county, and to me directed will be exposed to public sale at the Court House, in Bloomsburg, on

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, '85,

at 2 o'clock, p. m., all that certain lot or piece of land situated in the village of Rohrsburg, in the township of Greenwood, county of Columbia, and state of Penn'a, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: On the north by lot of William Bogart, on the south by lot of Hannah Tyson, on the east by lot of M. M. Appleman and on the west by a public road, containing about one-fourth of an acre of land, more or less, with the appurtenances, whereon are erected a good frame dwelling house, frame stable and all convenient out buildings, and a good well of water at the door.

Seized, taken in execution at the suit of P. D. Black vs. Theodore Mencer and to be sold as the property of Theodore Mencer.

Ikeler & Herring, attys. Pend. Fx.

ALSO,

A certain messuage and lot of ground situate in the town of Bloomsburg, in the county of Columbia, and state of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a corner of an alley, on the south side of Fifth street, thence along said Fifth street north sixty-four and one-eighth degrees east fifty-five and a half feet, thence by lot of C. W. Miller south twenty-nine and a quarter degrees east, one hundred and fifty-five feet to Pearle street, thence along the same south sixty-one degrees west fifty-six and a half feet to an alley aforesaid and thence along said alley north twenty-nine degrees west one hundred and fifty-eight feet to the place of beginning, on which are erected a two-story frame dwelling house, stable and out buildings.

Seized, taken in execution at the suit of C. W. Miller assigned to Samuel Williams vs. Charles Ahleman and to be sold as the property of Charles Ahleman.

Miller, atty. Fl. Fa.

ALSO,

All that certain messuage, piece or parcel of land, situate in Centre township, Columbia Co., Pa., bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a stone thence by land of Wesley Hess and other land formerly of Samuel Neyhard south 77 degrees west 30 4-10 perches to a stone in line to land of Jeremiah Hagenbuch, thence by the same south 14¼ degrees east 60 9-10 perches to a stone in public road, thence along the middle thereof north 76½ degrees east 16 perches to a stone, thence by land of Joseph A. Hess, north 14¼ degrees west 22 2-10 perches to a stone, north 76½ degrees east 14 4-10 perches to a stone in line to land of Dan'l Hagenbuch, thence by the same north 14¼ degrees 87 7-10 perches to the place of beginning, containing nine acres and 86 perches of land, neat measure.

Seized, taken into execution at the suit of F. P. Davis, administrator, c. t. a., d. b. n. of Godfrey Melick, dec'd., vs. Samuel Neyhard, and to be sold as the property of Samuel Neyhard.

Ikeler & Herring, atty's. Fl. Fa.

JOHN MOUREY, Sheriff.

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR INCORPORATION.

IN THE COMMON PLEAS FOR THE CO. OF COLUMBIA.

Notice is h

A Campaign Secret Given Away.

In the campaign of 1884 the two candidates for governor in a "pivotal Western State arragned for a series of joint discussions. Both men were popular, both of fine appearance and wers so well matched in mental force and as orators that the contest beween them promised to be a magnificant one. For several weeks the scales balanced evenly.

But one day the brilliant Republican candidate came up ailing. He seemed overcome and spoke laboredly The next day he was even less effective. Later he was compelled to ask his opponent for a postponement of certain appointments, which was granted. Before the campaign ended he had abandoned the field altogether.

Meantime the Democratic candidate continued his canvass, seeming to grow stronger, cheerier and more effective with each succeeding week. He was elected. One evening in December while entertaining several gentlemen he said:

"I will tell you a campaign secret—which gave me the election. With the opening of my campaign I began caring for my liver. I knew that a disordered or torpid liver meant dullness and possible sickness. I took something every day. When my opponent began failing I knew his trouble to be his liver and felt like prescribing for him, but feared if I did so he might beat me! I grew stronger as the campaign progressed, often making two speeches a day. Even my voice, to my surprise, did not fail me at once. All because Warner's safe cure kept me in A 1 trim." Ex-Governor Jacob, of Kentucky, also made a campaign tour under precisely similar circumstances and says he kept up under the exhausting strain by use of the same means.—*Rochester Union.*

The Awful Torpedo.

WHAT THE NAVAL ENGAGEMENT OF THE FUTURE MAY BE—AN UNCERTAIN FIGHT OF ONE AGAINST A HUNDRED

The role of the torpedo-boat, reads a translation from *Figaro* in the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, is terrible, and those who direct its movements are exposed to the greatest dangers. A single heavy shot may scatter it to atoms, and when it approaches the enemy a hail ot balls from the mitrailleuses and rifles will do terrible execution on board. Therefore, the mere fact of embarking on a torpedo-boat is a guaranty of bravery. Figure to yourself the situation of the officer in command of such a torpedo-boat who is ordered to sink a ship of the enemy's squadron. All his surroundings constitute one vast danger. The very sea that hides and protects him during the first part of his expedition may in another moment toss his corpse hither and thither upon its waves. His adversary will seek to riddle the boat with rain of steel, cast-iron and lead. The torpedo itself, which carries such terror with it, might be touched with a missile and explode, bursting the torpedo-boat into atoms.

The combat commences. The vessels of the fleet have opened fire. Shell rains in all directions. One of our cruisers, cannonaded heavily on the star-board side by a fort mounting twelve Krupp guns, is simultaneously attacked on the larboard side by one of the enemy's iron-clads. She has already suffered severely, and her position becomes critical. A mast signal torpedo-boat starts. The watchful enemy has observed the signal. He knows the danger, and at once concentrates the fire upon the little gray speck which is shooting rapidly toward him. Three miles separate them, and the torpedo-boat must make that three miles in ten minutes. If it is not sunk before it has transversed that distance the iron-clad is lost. Therefore, the cannoners point their guns with the most scrupulous care. The first shells pass wide of their mark but the aim is rectified, and soon the shells fall so near the torpedo-boat that they throw the water over it. Now one has fallen right at its prow. A geyser jet of water thirty feet high conceals the torpedo-boat; the enemy believe it has been sunk, and utter a tremendous cheer. But the projectile has only ricochetted and past over it. The water falls back in rain, and the brave little vessel reappears all streaming with brine, as though it had emerged from the sea-deeps, and rushing on at full steam in the face of death.

There are only nine men on the little vessel, and they are going to attack a sort of leviathan carrying an immense crew. It is not the fight of one against ten, but of one against a hundred.

Not a single word is uttered beyond the necessary orders. Those men whom death already touches with his fingers are silent and grave. And do not suppose for a moment that they do not think of danger. On the contrary, they think of nothing else. But it is not of their own danger of failure. It is not a question of their lives, but of the success of the enterprise. It is essential that the torpedo-boat shall reach the enemy's flank and rescue our cruiser. After that, if the torpedo-boat sinks, so much the worse!

Every nerve is strained, every eye is directed toward the object in view. Now the boat is only five hundred yards away from the iron-clad. The fire of the mitrailleuses mingles with the showers of shells and sweeps the deck; everything wooden is splintered to atoms with grape-shot. An incessant fire of repeating rifles from the mast tops of the iron-clad plays over the torpedo boat, and the balls entering through the few openings in the decks, have already disabled three men. They lie in a corner, to which they have been able to drag themselves, for there is no time now to attend to them. They may be thought of in two minutes more—after the fate of all shall have been decided.

The torpedo-boat has almost reached its enemy. The success of the expedition is now assured, for the shell batteries are powerless to harm the torpedo-boat at such short range. The rifle fire terrible as it is, can not sink her. It can only kill some of her crew; but that is of no great consequence. Now is the time when the captain needs all his surety of eye and coolness of will; now is the time that his men must execute orders with the rapidity of lightning, for if the torpedo be fired a second too soon it will fail to do its terrible duty, and yet if there be a delay of a moment the torpedo-boat must dash itself to pieces against the sides of its mighty adversary.

Now the boat seems almost ready to touch the enemy's vessel. Hand-grenades flung upon her deck rebound and burst; one man is killed; the captain has received a terrible wound in the face, but, summoning all his strenght he supports himself erect against the iron wall by a sublime effort of will. Livid, drenched with blood, but determined in his calm resolve and bravery.

"Ready! Let her go!"

The awful missile is launched. An enormous surge appears in the water, and a frightful crackling noise is heard, followed by a terrible cry of distress. The pigmy has conquered the giant.

"Hard a starboard!"

And the little vessel, suddenly wheeling around, steams away at full speed, while the enemy's iron-clad sinks to the bottom.

Ten minutes afterward the torpedo-boat has returned to its post beside the admiral's vessels. The admiral sends for the captain in order to congratulate him. He is carried to him upon a bier. Meanwhile the fight goes on. A new expedition may prove necessary. A provisory captain is at once appointed, and four men to complete the decimated crew; and torpedo-boat is ready to fulfill another mission; it has another band of heroes to direct it.

Daily Bread.

A little girl in a wretched attic, whose sick mother had no bread, knelt down by the bedside, and said, slowly: "Give us this day our daily bread." Then she went into the street, and began to wonder "where God kept his bread." She turned round the corner, and saw a large, well-filled baker's shop.

"This," thought Lettie, "this is the place." So she entered confidently, and said to the stout baker, "I've come for it."

"Come for what?"

"My daily bread," she said, pointing to the tempting loaves. "I'll take two, if you please—one for my mother and one for me."

"All right," said the baker, putting them in a bag, and giving them to his little customer, who started at once for the street.

"Stop, you little rogue!" he said, roughly; "where is your money?"

"I haven't any," she said simply.

"Haven't any!" he repeated angrily; "you little thief, who brought you here, then?"

The hard words frightened the little girl, who bursting into tears, said: "Mother is sick, and I am so hungry. In my prayers I said, 'Give us this day ourdail bread,' and then I thought God meant to fetch it, and so I came."

The rough but kind-hearted baker was softened by the child's simple tale, and he sent her back to her mother with a basket well filled.

Nettie had faith in God: she asked and expected to receive. Perhaps if some older persons had more faith in their asking, they would have more joy in receiving.

When she asked for daily bread, it may be that, in some way, God may mean us to fetch it, or to put ourselves in the way of getting it. He is ready to fulfil his promises, but we must be in the appointed attitude of trusting expectation.—*Selected.*

MALARIAL POISON.

The principal cause of nearly all sickness at this time of the year has its origin in a disordered Liver, which, if not regulated in time, great suffering wretchedness and death will ensue. A gentleman writting from South America says: "I have used your Simmons' Liver Regulator with good effect, both as a prevention and cure for Malarial Fevers on the Isthmus of Panama."

———(—:o:—)———

TAKE

Simmons' Liver Regulator

A PURELY VEGETABLE MEDICINE

An Effectual Specific

FOR

MALARIAL FEVERS,
BOWEL COMPLAINTS,
JAUNDICE,
COLIC,
RESTLESSNESS,
MENTAL DEPRESSION,
SICK HEADACHE,
CONSTIPATION,
NAUSEA,
BILIOUSNESS,
DYSPEPSIA, &c.

———(—:o:—)———

If you feel drowsy, debilitated, have frequent headache, mouth tastes badly, poor appetite, and tongue coated, you are suffering from torpid liver or "biliousness," and nothing will cure you so speedily and permanently as to take

SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR.

It is given with safety, and the happiest results to the most delicate infant. It takes the place of quinine and bitters of every kind. It is the cheapest, purest and best family medicine in the world.

J. H. ZEILIN & CO., Phila,

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

may 29-1y

PATHOLOGICAL DIAGRAM.

You should not lie upon your bed, and sigh and cry until you're dead; but take courage now and read what's said, by others who were confined to their bed before using Dr. Kilmer's **Female Remedy.** Sold by druggists.

If you have Cutting, Scalding, or stinging sensations in the parts when voiding urine—Dr. Kilmer's **Swamp-Root** quickly relieves and cures. Ask your druggist for it. 25c., $1.

If you feel as though water was gathering around the heart, or have heart Dropsy, or cold hands and feet from poor Circulation, or dizzy attacks—Dr. Kilmer's **Ocean-Weed** is warranted to remove all causes and promptly cure. Druggists sell it. $1.

If you are suffering from Chronic Weakness of the Lungs, or have Hemorrhage or difficult breathing—Dr. Kilmer's **Indian Consumption Oil** is warranted to relieve, heal and make them strong. Ask your druggist for it. 25c., 5 c., $1.

B. F. HARTMAN

REPRESENTS THE FOLLOWING

AMERICAN INSURANCE COMPANIES

North American of Philadelphia.
Franklin, " "
Pennsylvania, " "
York, of Pennsylvania.
Hanover, of N. Y.
Queens, of London.
North British, of London.
Office on Market Street, No. 5, Bloomsburg.
oct. 24, 1

Important to Canvassers.

WANTED.—Live Canvassers in every county in the United States to sell FOX'S PATENT REVERSIBLE SAD IRON, which combines two sad irons, Polisher, Fluter, &c., one iron doing the work of an entire set of ordinary irons. Is self-heating by gas or alcohol lamp. DOES AWAY WITH HOT KITCHENS. Price moderate. A large and lasting income insured to good canvassers. Address, for circulars, &c., FOX SAD IRON CO., 95 Reade St. N. Y. July 16-4w

Amputation of the Leg.

Money is the universal necessity, and none but a cynic or a fool will affect to despise it. Mr. Abram Ellsworth, of Port Ewen, Ulster County, N. Y., had realized this truth. His disease involved the whole of his thigh-bone, and the suffering man looked forward, not without apparent reason, to death as his only delivery. The family physicians refused to amputate the limb, asserting that the operation would kill the patient on the spot. Dr. David KENNEDY, of Rondout, N. Y., who was consulted, held a different opinion and amputated the limb. The Doctor then administered freely his great Blood Specific FAORITE REMEDY to afford tone and strength to the system and prevent the return of the disease, and Mr. Ellsworth remains to this day in the bloom of health. This gentleman's disease was the offspring of foul blood, and Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY purified the blood and restored the blood and restored to him the power once more to enjoy his life. Are you suffering from any disease traceable to the same cause? Try Favorite Remedy. Your druggist has it. ONE DOLLAR a bottle. Bear in mind the proprietor's name and address: Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.

To keep the blood pure is the principal end of inventions and discoveries in medicine. To this object probably no one has contributed more signally than Dr. David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., in the production of a medicine which has become famous under the title of the "FAVORITE REMEDY." It removes all impurities of the Blood, regulates the disordered Liver and Kidneys, cures Constipation, Dyspepsia and all diseases and weaknesses peculiar to females.

ALEXANDER BROS. & CO.,

Offer to the Trade their Fine Brand of Cigars.

The Landres,
Henry Clay,
Normal,
Samson, and
Cosmopolitan

Fine Fruits and Fine Confectionery on hand. Fresh every week. Bloomsburg, Pa. Feb. 27

BLOOMSBURG PLANING MILL

—:o:—

The undersigned having put his Planing Mill on Railroad Street, in first-class condition, is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line.

FRAMES, SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, MOULDINGS, FLOORING, Etc.

furnished at reasonable prices. All lumber used is well seasoned and none but skilled workmen are employed.

ESTIMATES FOR BUILDINGS

furnished on application. Plans and specifications prepared by an experienced draughtsman

CHARLES KRUG,
Bloomsburg, Pa

COURSEN, CLEMONS & CO.

Limited,

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in Crockery, Glassware, Table and Pocket Cutlery, Window Glass, and Plated-ware,

The 56 candle-power marsh electric lamp. The celebrated Pinafore Burner. Bird Cages, Fruit Jars.

429 Lackawanna Avenue, SCRANTON, Pa. may 1-1y

PRICE LIST OF

ROOFING SLATE

On Cars at Quarry.

No. 1 Slate	$3.00 to $4.00
No. 1 Rib Slate	3.00 to 3.25
Seconds	3.00
No. 2 Rib Slate	2.50
Red Slate	10.50
Green Slate	4.50

J. L. HULL,
25 Lackawanna Avenue, Scranton, Pa
may 22-1y

CLOTHING!

CLOTHING!

BERTSCH'S, AT BERTSCH'S,

THE ARTIST

CUTTER

AND

MERCHANT TAILOR

Who always gives you the latest styles, and cuts your clothing to fit you. Having had the experience for a number of years in the Tailoring Business, has learned what material will give his customers the best satisfaction for wear and style and will try to please all who give him a call. Also on hand

Gents' Furnishing Goods

OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

HATS, CAPS, AND UMBRELLAS

Always of the latest styles. Call and examine his stock before purchasing elsewhere.

Store next door to First National Bank

Corner Main & Market Sts.

Bloomsburg, Pa.

April 25-1y

Statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World."

The committee in charge of the construction of the base and pedestal for the reception of this great work, IN ORDER TO RAISE FUNDS FOR ITS COMPLETION, have prepared a miniature Statute six inches in height,—the Statue Bronzed; Pedestal, Nickel-silvered,—which they are now delivering to subscribers throughout the United States at ONE DOLLAR EACH.

This attractive souvenir and Mantel or Desk ornament is a perfect fac-simile of the model furnished by the artist.

The Statuette in same metal, twelve inches high, at FIVE DOLLARS EACH, delivered.

The designs of Statue and Pedestal are protected by U. S. Patents, and the models can only be furnished by this Committee. Address, with remittance,

RICHARD BUTLER, Secretary.
American Committee of the Statue of Liberty.
33 Mercer Street, New York.

SUBSCRIBE FOR

THE COLUMBIAN,

$1.50 A YEAR.

"Maryland, My Maryland."

"Pretty Wives,
Lovely daughters and noble men."

"My farm lies in a rather low and miasmatic situation, and

"My wife!"

"Who?"

"Was a very pretty blonde!"

Twenty years ago, became

"Sallow!"

"Hollow-eyed!"

"Withered and aged!"

"Before her time, from

"Malarial vapors, though she made no particular complaint, not being of the grumpy kind, yet causing me great uneasiness.

"A short time ago I purchased your remedy for one of the children, who had a very severe attack of biliousness, and it occurred to me that the remedy might help my wife, as I found that our little girl upon recovery had

"Lost!'

"Her sallowness, and looked as fresh as a new blown daisy. Well the story is soon told. My wife, to-day, has gained her old-timed beauty with compound interest, and is now as handsome a matron (if I do say it myself) as can be fouund in this county, which is noted for pretty women. And I have only Hop Bitters to thank for it.

"The dear creature just looked over my shoulder, and says 'I aan flatter equal to the days of our courtship,'and that reminds me there might be more pretty wives if my brother farmers would do as I have done."

Hoping you may long be spared to do good, I thankfully remain

C. L. JAMES,

BELTSVILLE, Prince George Co., Md., May 26th, 1883.

☞None genuine without a bunch of green-Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Is a highly concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla and other blood-purifying roots, combined with Iodide of Potassium and Iron, and is the safest, most reliable, and most economical blood-purifier that can be used. It invariably expels all blood poisons from the system, enriches and renews the blood, and restores its vitalizing power. It is the best known remedy for Scrofula and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Eczema, Ringworm, Blotches, Sores, Boils, Tumors, and Eruptions of the Skin, as also for all disorders caused by a thin and impoverished, or corrupted, condition of the blood, such as Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Gout, General Debility, and Scrofulous Catarrh.

Inflammatory Rheumatism Cured.

"AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has cured me of the Inflammatory Rheumatism, with which I have suffered for many years.
W. H. SIMMONS."
Durham, Ia., March 2, 1882.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists: $1, six bottles for $5.

SUPERIOR SPECTACLES AND EYE-GLASSES

MICROSCOPES, FIELD-GLASSES, BAROMETERS, Drawing Instruments, Philosophical and Chemical Apparatus.

TELESCOPES, MAGIC LANTERNS, THERMOMETERS.

List and Descriptions of our Ten Catalogues sent FREE on application.

QUEEN & CO.
924 Chestnut St. PHILADELPHIA.
feb6-1y

$50 REWARD.

—FOR—

Every Ounce of Adulteration

—IN THE—

New Process Soap

THE WONDERFUL 3-LB BAR.

MADE ONLY BY

Gowans & Stover,

Buffalo, N. Y.

For sale by all first-class grocers.

April 10-1-yr r

Read and Save Money,

Now is the time to Build.

—:o:—

No 1	German Pine Siding 5 or 6 in. wide	$17 00 per m.
No 1	¾ inch siding planed,	14 00 "
"	Hemlock German siding, 6 inch	14 00 "
"	" flooring,	14 00 "
"	white pine "	17 00 "
"	yellow " "	16 00 "
"	surfaced pine boards,	17 00 "
"	sawed pine shingles,	3 00 "
No 2	" " "	2 90 "
No 3	" " "	1 75 "
No 1	sap sawed pine shingles,	1 75 "
"	hemlock sawed	2 00 "
"	heart shaved pine " from	45 00 to 7 00 "
"	sap " " "	3 00 to 4 50 "
"	hemlock " " "	4 00 to 4 50 "
"	shingle lath,	2 75 "
"	plastering lath,	2 00 "
Hemlock fencing,		9 50 "
"	guaged fencing 6 inch wide,	10 00 "
"	boards 10 to 12 inch wide,	10 00 "
"	bills any size from	$10 00 to 11 00 "

—:o:—

I keep a full stock of the above kinds of Lumber always on hand, and will sell at these prices during year of 1885.

—:o:—

H. B. LOW,

Orangeville, Columbia Co., Pa.

apr 3-6m

Hay Fever

Is attended by an inflamed condition of the lining membrane of the nostrils, tear-ducts and throat, affecting the lungs. An acrid mucus is secreted, the discharge is accompanied with a burning sensation. There are severe spasms of sneezing, frequent attacks of headache, watery and inflamed eyes. Ely's Cream Balm is a real cure for this disease and can be depended upon.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable to use. Price 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Send for circular. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y. july24,d.

M. C. SLOAN & BRO.,

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

Manufacturers of

CARRIAGES BUGGIES, PHAETONS. SLEIGHS, PLATFORM WAGONS, &C.

First-class work always on hand.

REPAIRING NEATLY DONE.

Prices reduced to suit the times.

TONSORIAL ROOMS.

THE OLD STAND

under the Exchange Hotel, still takes the lead. Hair Dressing, Shaving, Dying, Shampooing and all work in my line promptly and neatly done.

BILLIARD & POOL TABLES.

James Reilly,
Proprietor.

Jan 30-tf

An Armenian Marriage.

THE WEDDING CEREMONY OF THE LAND WHERE MAN WAS CREATED.

Among the various tribes of Asia none are so rich or well dressed as the Armenians. To them belongs chiefly the merchandise of precious stones, which they export to Constantinople. The Armenian girl whose marriage is to be described had delidate flowers of celestial blue painted all over her breast and neck; her eyebrows were black and tips of her fingers and nails of a bright orange. She wore on each hand valuable rings set with precious stones, and around her neck a string of very fine turquoises; her skirt was of the finest spun silk, her jacket and trousers of cashmere of a bright color. The priest and his deacon arrived the latter bringing a bag containing the sacerdotal garments, in which the priert arrayed himself, placing a mitre ornamented with precious stones on his head, and a collar of metal, on which the twelve apostles were represented in bas-relief, round his neck.

He began by blessing a sort of a temporary altar in the middle of the room; the mother of the bride took her by the hand, and led her forward, she bowed at the feet of her future husband to show that she acklowledged him as lord and master. The priest, placing their hands in each other, pronounced a prayer and then drew their heads together until they touched three times while with his right hand he made a motion as if blessing them A second time their heads were joined, and the bridegroom was asked: "Will you be her husband?" "I will," he answered, raising at the same time the veil of the bride, in token that she was now his and letting it fall again. The priest then took two wreaths of flowers, ornamented with a quantity of hang ing gold threads, from the hands of the deacon, put them on the heads of the married couple, changing them three times from one head to the other, repeating each time. "I unite you and bind you one to another—live in peace."

Two Letters That are Worth Reading.

From the New York Times.

I.

——, July 24, 1885.

To the President, Washington, D. C.

DEAR SIR: This community read the announcement of the appointment of —— to the —— Judgeship with astonishment and regret, if not pain. And none were more astonished than those who had signed his petition. And I regret to say that my name is to be found upon it. I have refused several whom I knew to be unfit, but I signed this one thinking it would never be considered, and not for one moment believing the appointment was possible. When first presented to me I put him off, and hoped to escape, but he came again with it, and, with others, I signed it thinking there was no chance for its reaching even a consideration. I think not a man whose name is on it had the remotest idea that his appointment was possible. Not one upon it would have appointed him had he the appointing power. He is not qualified morally or professionally. He is scarcely a lawyer at all, while the place will require a good lawyer. I do not wish to say more than to put you upon inquiry. We are friends, and do business with one another, and it is unpleasant to have to say this. But it is due your responsibility and from every one who signed that petition. And it was signed by many prominent men who hated to refuse, and hoped and thought it would result in nothing. I do not wish you to take any action upon my representation, but if you wish to know the real opinion of the signers of the petition, cause some of them to be addressed privately, and I think they will confess the objections to the appointment greater than I have intimated. The petition is signed by two of our Supreme Judges, (——) Let them both be privately addressed, if it is not too late, and I think you will learn the facts.

I do not wish to speak behind a private letter, but at the same time I would prefer that my name be not given to —— for obvious reasons, and I do not suppose it will be thought necessary to do so.

—— is an applicant for appointment as ——. I have written to you before about him. He, too, has a petition signed by reputable men (my name is not on it), not one of whom would appoint him to any place whatever or any trust whatever. He is wholly without character, even if he had other qualifications, for the office, and he has not. His would most emphatically be an appointment not fit to be made. Yours, very respectfully,

II.

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, Aug. 1, 1885.

DEAR SIR: I have read your letter of the 24th ult., with amazement and indignation. There is but one mitigation to the perfidy which your letter discloses, and that is found in the fact that you confess your share in it. I don't know whether you are a Democrat or not; but if you are, the crime which you confess is the more unpardonable. The idea that this Administration, pledged to give the people better government and better officers, and engaged in a hand-to-hand fight with the bad elements of both parties, should be betrayed by those who ought to be worthy of implicit trust, is atrocious; and such treason to the people and to the party ought to be punished by imprisonment. Your confession comes too late to be of immediate use to the public service, and I can only say that while this is not the first time I have been deceived and misled by treacherous representations, you are the first one that has so frankly owned his grievous fault. If any comfort is to be extracted from this assurance you are welcome to it.

Yours truly,
GROVER CLEVELAND.

E. B. BROWER

PLUMBING,

GAS FITTING & STEAM HEATING.

DEALER IN

STOVES & TINWARE.

All kinds of work in Sheet Iron, Roofing and Spouting promptly attended to.

☞Strict attention given to heating by steam.

Corner of Main & East Sts.,

Bloomsburg, Pa.

JOB WORK NEATLY EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE.

Only Vegetable Bitters Known.

VINEGAR BITTERS

VEGETABLE FREE FROM ALCOHOL
PURELY CALIFORNIA
DR. WALKER'S
EUREKA
VINEGAR BITTERS

No other medicine known so effectually purges the blood of deep-seated diseases.

Millions bear testimony to its wonderful curative effects.

It is a purely Vegetable Preparation, made from the native herbs and roots of California, the medicinal properties of which are extracted therefrom without the use of Alcohol.

It removes the cause of disease, and the patient recovers his health.

It is the great Blood Purifier and Life-giving Principle; a Gentle Purgative and Tonic; a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the system. Never before in the history of the world has a medicine been compounded possessing the power of VINEGAR BITTERS in healing the sick of every disease man is heir to.

The Alterative, Aperient, Diaphoretic, Carminative, Nutritious, Laxative, Sedative, Counter-Irritant, Sudorific, Anti-Bilious, Solvent, Diuretic and Tonic properties of VINEGAR BITTERS exceed those of any other medicine in the world.

No person can take the BITTERS according to directions and remain long unwell, provided their bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and the vital organs wasted beyond the point of repair.

Bilious, Remittent, Intermittent and Malarial Fevers are prevalent throughout the United States, particularly in the valleys of our great rivers and their vast tributaries during the Summer and Autumn, especially during seasons of unusual heat and dryness.

These Fevers are invariably accompanied by extensive derangements of the stomach, liver and bowels. In their treatment, a purgative, exerting a powerful influence upon these organs, is absolutely necessary.

There is no cathartic for the purpose equal to Dr. J. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS, as it will speedily remove the dark-colored viscid matter with which the bowels are loaded, at the same time stimulating the secretions of the liver, and generally restoring the healthy functions of the digestive organs.

Fortify the body against disease by purifying all its fluids with VINEGAR BITTERS. No epidemic can take hold of a system thus forearmed.

It invigorates the Stomach and stimulates the torpid Liver and Bowels, cleansing the blood of all impurities, imparting life and vigor to the frame, and carrying off without the aid of Calomel, or other minerals, all poisonous matter from the system. It is easy of administration, prompt in action, and certain in its results.

Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Pneumonia, Dizziness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, and a hundred other painful symptoms, are at once relieved by VINEGAR BITTERS.

For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, the Bitters have no equal. In these, as in all constitutional Diseases, WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS has shown its great curative powers in the most obstinate and intractable cases.

Mechanical Diseases.—Persons engaged in Paints and Minerals, such as Plumbers, Type-setters, Gold-beaters, and Miners, as they advance in life, are subject to paralysis of the Bowels. To guard against this, take occasional doses of VINEGAR BITTERS.

Skin Diseases, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Ulcers, Swellings, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ring-worms, Scald-head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurfs, Discolorations, Humors and diseases of the Skin, of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of the Bitters.

Pin, Tape and other Worms, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. No system of medicine, no vermifuges, no anthelmintics, will free the system from worms like VINEGAR BITTERS.

Measles, Scarlet Fever, Mumps, Whooping Cough, and all children's diseases may be made less severe by keeping the bowels open with mild doses of the Bitters. This wonderful remedy is especially adapted to the systems of children, for purifying herbs alone give it its remarkable curative powers. It contains no alcohol, opium or other poison.

For Female Complaints, in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood, or the turn of life, this Bitters has no equal.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood when its impurities burst through the skin in Eruptions or Sores; cleanse it when obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul; your feelings will tell you when, and the health of the system will follow.

In conclusion: Give the Bitters a trial. It will speak for itself. One bottle is a better guarantee of its merits than a lengthy advertisement.

Around each bottle are full directions printed in different languages.

R. H. McDONALD DRUG CO., Proprietors, San Francisco, Cal., and 528, 530 & 532 Washington St., Cor. Charlton St., New York.

Sold by all Dealers and Druggists.

WAINWRIGHT & CO.,

WHOLESALE GROCERS,

PHILADELPHIA

TEAS, SYRUPS, COFFEE, SUGAR, MOLASSES RICE, SPICES, BICARB SODA, &c., &c.

N. E. Corner Second and Arch streets.

☞Orders will receive prompt attention

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

Pennsylvania Railroad.

Philadelphia & Erie R. R. Division, and Northern Central Railway.

TIME TABLE.

In effect July, 5th, 1885. Trains leave Sunbury.

EASTWARD.

9.40 a. m., Sea Shore Express (daily except Sunday), for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 3.15 p. m.; New York 6.20 p. m.; Baltimore, 4.40 p. m.; Washington, 5.50 p. m., connecting at Philadelphia for all Sea Shore points. Through passenger coach to Philadelphia.

1.40 p. m.—Day express daily except Sunday), for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6.20 p. m.; New York, 9.35 p. m.; Baltimore 6.45 p. m.; Washington, 8.00 p. m. Parlor car through to Philadelphia and passenger coaches through to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

8.05 p. m.—Williamsport Accommodation (daily, for Harrisburg and all intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4.25 a. m.; New York 7.00 a. m. Baltimore, 5.25 a. m.; Washington 6.30 a. m.; Sleeping car accommodations can be secured at Harrisburg for Philadelphia and New York. On Sundays a through sleeping car will be run on this train from Williamsport to Philadelphia. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7 a. m.

2.35 a. m.—Erie Mail (daily except Monday, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 8.25 a. m. New York, 11.30 a. m.; Baltimore 8.15 a. m.; Washington, 9.25 a. m. Through Pullman sleeping cars are run on this train to Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, and through passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

WESTWARD.

5.20 a. m.—Erie Mail (daily except Sunday), for Erie and all intermediate stations and Canandaigua and intermediate stations, Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with through Pullman Palace cars and passenger coaches to Erie and Rochester.

9.55—News Express (daily except Sunday) for Lock Haven and intermediate stations.

1.05 p. m.—Niagara Express (daily except Sunday) for Kane and intermediate stations and Canandaigua and principal intermediate stations, Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls with through passenger coaches to Kane and Rochester and Parlor car to Watkins.

5.30 p. m. Fast Line (daily except Sunday) for Renovo and intermediate stations, and Elmira, Watkins and intermediate stations, with through passenger coaches to Renovo and Watkins.

9.30 a. m.—Sunday mail for Renovo and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR SUNBURY FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.

Sunday mail leaves Philadelphia 4.30 a. m Harrisburg 7.40 arriving at Sunbury 9.20 a. m. with through sleeping car from Philadelphia to Williamsport.

News Express leaves Philadelphia 4.30 a. m. Harrisburg, 8.10 a. m. daily except Sunday arriving at Sunbury 9.55 a. m.

Niagara Express leaves Philadelphia, 7.40 a. m.; Baltimore 7.30 a. m. (daily except Sunday) arriving at Sunbury, 1.05 p. m., with through Parlor car from Philadelphia and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Fast Line leaves New York 9.00 a. m.; Philadelphia, 11.50 a. m.; Washington, 9.50 a. m.; Baltimore, 10.45 a. m., (daily except Sunday) arriving at Sunbury, 5.30 p. m., with through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Erie Mail leaves New York 8.00 p. m.; Philadelphia, 11.30 p. m.; Washington, 10.00 p. m.; Baltimore, 11.20 p. m., (daily except Saturday) arriving at Sunbury 5.15 a. m., with through Pullman Sleeping cars from Philadelphia, Washington and Baltimore and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia.

SUNBURY, HAZLETON & WILKESBARRE RAILROAD AND NORTH AND WEST BRANCH RAILWAY.

(Daily except Sunday.)

Wilkesbarre Mail leaves Sunbury 10.00 a. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry 10.52 a. m., Wilkes-barre 12.18 p. m.

Express East leaves Sunbury 5.45 p. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry 6.37 p. m., Wilkes-barre 8.03 p. m.

Sunbury Mail leaves Wilkesbarre 10.40 a. m. arriving at Bloom Ferry 12.08 p. m., Sunbury 1.50 p. m.

Express West leaves Wilkes-barre 2.45 p. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry 4.15 p. m., Sunbury 5.10 m.

CHAS. E. PUGH, Gen. Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen. Passenger Agent

MOSQUITOES. AGENTS Wanted to sell the MAGIC MOSQUITO BITE CURE, gives instant relief, and drives them away. Address SALLADE & CO., 8 East 18th St., New York. July 24,d.

NORTH.		STATIONS.	SOUTH.	
p.m.	a.m		a.m.	p.m.
9 00	12 30	Scranton	8 30	6 10
8 54	12 26	Bellevue	8 36	6 15
8 48	12 22	Taylorville	8 42	6 20
8 40	12 15	Lackawanna	8 47	6 27
8 33	12 08	Pittston	8 54	6 34
8 27	12 03	West Pittston	9 00	6 40
8 22	11 58	Wyoming	9 04	6 45
8 17	11 54	Mallby	9 09	6 50
8 12	11 50	Bennett	9 13	6 53
8 08	11 47	Kingston	9 16	6 58
8 06	11 47	Kingston	9 16	6 58
8 03	11 42	Plymouth June	9 22	7 02
7 59	11 38	Plymouth	9 26	7 07
7 54	11 34	Avondale	9 30	7 12
7 50	11 30	Nanticoke	9 35	7 15
7 43	11 23	Hunlock's Creek	9 43	7 23
7 39	11 19	Shickshinny	9 47	7 27
7 18	11 00	Rick's Ferry	10 07	7 50
7 11	10 54	Beach Haven	10 13	7 57
7 05	10 47	Berwick	10 19	8 04
6 58	10 41	Briar Creek	10 25	8 10
6 54	10 38	Willow Grove	10 28	8 14
6 50	10 34	Lime Ridge	10

SUPPLEMENT.

THE LAST HONORS

General Grant Borne Reverently to the Tomb.

AN IMPOSING PAGEANT.

Tolling Bells, Booming Cannon, Muffled Drums.

CEREMONIES AT THE GRAVE

Fifty Thousand in Line, Half a Million Spectators.

THEN AND NOW.

(*Washington, March* 4, 1869.)

The hero comes
'Mid peal of bells and roll of drums,
The fifes' shrill note and trumpets' blare
With strains triumphant fill the air.
The capital's fair form stands drest
In stars and stripes. From east and west
And north, a throng of war-worn men
With wild cheers greet their chief again.

(*New York, Aug.* 8, 1885.)

The hero comes
'Mid tolling bells and muffled drums.
The starry flags at half mast droop—
While blue and gray, a sorrowing group,
Meet round the generous victor's bier
With heartfelt sigh and bitter tear.

The hero comes!
Be silent, all ye bells and drums!
And thou, oh, sword upon his breast,
Sleep now, and with thy warrier rest.
Though fame has long beside him walked,
There, too, unseen, his conquerer stalked,
And low he lies before that foe
Whose arm defeat can never know.

VIRGINIA B. HARRISON.

INTRODUCTORY.

From Mount McGregor to New York —A Brief Resume.

The most extraordinary funeral pageant ever witnessed in America culminated in New York on the 8th with the laying away of General Ulysses S. Grant's remains in the temporary tomb at Riverside Park. The nation's last tribute to the dead Union commander comprised a series of most impressive ceremonies, beginning with the funeral services under the immediate supervision of the Grant family, and the funeral sermon by Rev. Dr. Newman, at Mount McGregor; next the removal of the remains to Albany, where the body was viewed in the State capitol by thousands; the transfer of the body in the heavily draped funeral train down the Hudson on the fifth; the arrival of the remains on the afternoon of that day in New York, and then the magnificent procession through a multitude of spectators to the City Hall, where the body was placed in the rotunda and during the next two days and nights viewed by a constantly passing stream of humanity, which stretched at times for three-quarters of a mile up Broadway and aggregated 250,000 people. Then on the 8th occurred a ceremony which in magnitude and impressiveness is probably unequaled in the annals of civic or military displays—the final transfer of the general's remains to the tomb awaiting it at Riverside Park. A vivid and detailed account of the wonderful ceremonies of the closing day is herewith given.

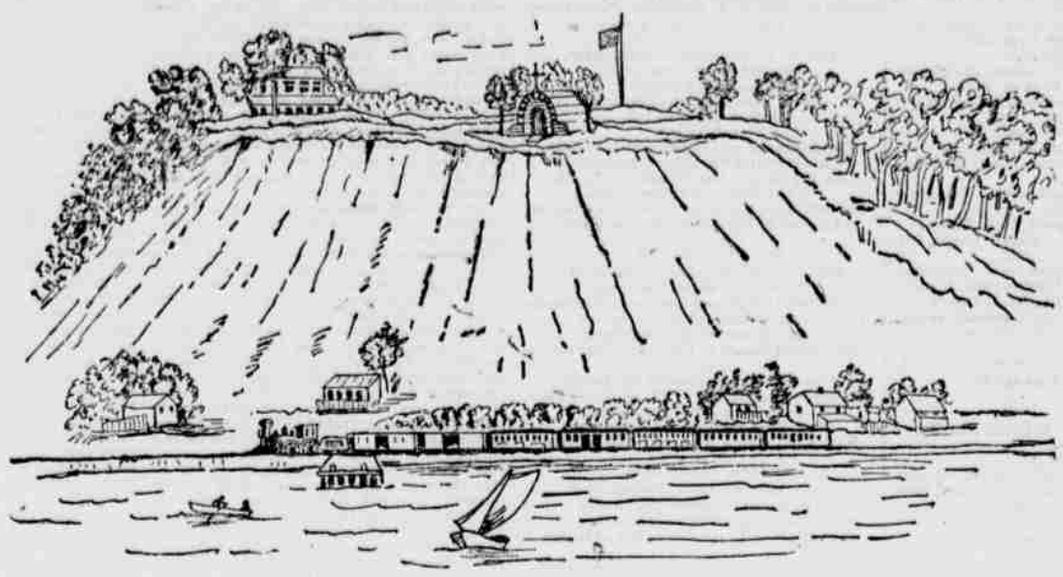
THE LAST NIGHT.

Preparing for the Interment—Closing the Coffin.

The final ceremonies attending the removal of the body of General Grant from the New York city hall, where it had been lying in state, to its temporary resting place in Riverside Park, began with military promptitude. General Hancock taking his place at the head of the great column assembled to do honor to the dead commander of the Union armies promptly at 9 o'clock. The scene at the moment was most imposing and impressive, at once grand and solemn. The skies smiled upon the pageant, and the sun brightened every gleam of gold or steel with the magic of his rays.

All night long the preparations for the great event went forward ceaselessly. At the different headquarters officers were busy completing the necessary details; in the streets the police were beginning to form their lines; in the city hall the guards stood rigidly around their sacred trust; and along the line of march, especially in the upper part of the city, the noise of hammers and saws disturbed the silence of night, as men labored eagerly to complete the booths and stands which were let to sightseers at great profit. With early morn the human tide began to set from all directions toward the line selected for the funeral procession. The people poured into the city in converging streams from Brooklyn, from New Jersey, from Staten Island, from Westchester county and Connecticut, to say nothing of the strangers who journeyed from more distant parts.

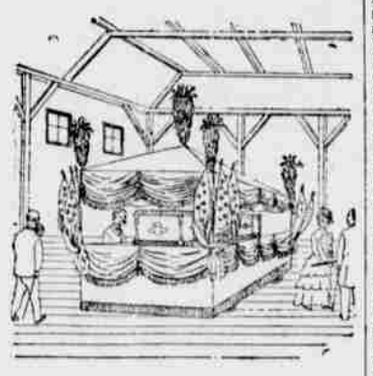
GENERAL GRANT'S BURIAL PLACE AT RIVERSIDE PARK



View of the Temporary Tomb on the Bluff, Overlooking the Hudson River, Upper Part of Manhattan Island.

At 1 o'clock A. M., the iron gates of the City Hall were closed against a long column of people still trying to see the face of the dead general. Then the policemen filed through. This left the crowd outside unrestrained, and it struggled up the steps and pressed its faces against the iron bars. Order was restored, but men and women still hung as near the entrance as they were permitted. The police officials saw the earnestness of their desire, and again the gates clanged and opened, a single line formed, and a hurrying line came through. Almost on a run they were driven past the coffin. Then the halls were cleared of all save the guards and policemen. In military style the officers of the Seventy-first regiment were relieved. A new set of men occupied the position of the Grand Army members. A host of policemen were discharged from further duty.

The scene within the dark walls became impressive as the night went on. The hollow square of Grand Army men stood as still as ever. Erect and perfect in bearing were two officers of the Seventy-first, one standing at the coffin's head and the other at its foot. Meanwhile, the coffin's lid had been put temporarily in place, and the undertakers had come. The lid of the coffin was removed and brushed; the gold plate with its inscription was burnished; the silver handles were rubbed with chamois skin, and the lid was restored. Then the panels were placed again



THE FUNERAL CAR, WITH GENERAL GRANT'S REMAINS.

over the glass; the silver screws were turned and made tight, and at 2:30 A. M., General Grant's face was closed from view forever.

REMOVING THE BODY.

The Last Solemn Service at the City Hall—The Car Drawn Up.

The night wore on without any incident of note, the morning came, and at 8:30 General Hancock and staff trooped slowly into the plaza from Broadway and presented front to the City Hall. At this time 130 members of the Liederkranz society filed up to the steps, and led by six instrumentalists sang with impressive effect "Chorus of the Spirits from Over the Water," by Schubert, and the "Chorus of the Pilgrims," by Tannhauser. The two selections were well rendered in German. At the conclusion of the singing the choristers looked through the barred gates at the black catafalque and the casket of royal purple. Soon after that the original G. A. R. guard, which served so faithfully on Mount McGregor, filed in under command of John H. Johnson, senior vice-commander of Grant Post, G. A. R., Brooklyn.

At 9:40 A. M., the guard of honor marched across the plaza in front of the city hall and halted in front of the closed gates. It consisted of two companies of the Fifth artillery, of forty men each, under command of Colonel W. R. Beck. That officer ascended the steps, and as he turned, the file separated, one company marching up the steps at the east and another at the west, extending their line in a double file from the gates to the plaza. At the right stood the David's Island band. Five minutes later the funeral car was slowly drawn up before the steps, led by its long line of horses, each covered with a heavy black netting, and led by a colored groom. The scene from within the City Hall gates at this moment was something wonderful. Directly in front was the immense funeral car, in most striking contrast with the bright reflected sunlight of the plaza. Directly back of this the large vacant space was kept clear by the police. Beyond this was a great sea of human heads massed together as far as the eye could see. Above, in all the windows and on the tops of the buildings were seen hundreds of heads stretched far out to get a sight of the impressive scene, and with all this not a sound was heard. The air was as still as if the place had been deserted. Within the City Hall there was perfect quiet. Upon the casket was only the wreath of oak leaves made by the dead hero's grandchildren. Suddenly Captain Johnson, in command of the pallbearers from U. S. Grant Post, said in a whisper, "Attention!" Instantly the twelve men moved at a greater distance from each side of the casket, and Mayor Grace appeared upon the scene. This was the signal for the opening of the gates. Following the mayor came the ten clergymen, dressed in surplices. They were as follows: Rev. Dr. Newman, Bishop Harris, Methodist Episcopal; Assistant Bishop Henry C. Potter, Protestant Episcopal; the Rev. Dr. Chambers, Reformed Dutch; the Rev. Dr. Field, Presbyterian; the Rev. Dr. Bridgeman, Baptist; the Rev. Dr. West, Congregationalist; the Rev. Father Deshon, Roman Catholic; the Rev. Robert Collyer, Unitarian; Rabbi Browne, Jewish.

The Mayor was formally greeted by Colonel Beck, who had been directed to receive the body on behalf of General Hancock. The clergymen then took up positions at the head of the casket and at a word from Captain Johnson the bearers lifted the casket from its resting place. The little procession then moved down the steps, the clergymen leading. Next came Drs. Douglas, Shrady and Sands. Then came Captain John H. Johnson, of U. S. Grant Post. At his right was Comrade Downey, of Wheeler Post and at his left was Comrade Ormsby, of the same organization. Next came the bearers from U. S. Grant Post, consisting of twelve men, six on each side. On the right were Comrades Tebbetts, Mackellar, Mackelvie, Brodie, Collins and Barker. On the left were Comrades Carwin, Howatt, Macdonald, Squires, Knight and Gwellin. Immediately following came the guard of honor from the Loyal Legion, consisting of the following: General John J. Milhaus, General C. A. Carleton, Paymaster George De Forest Barton, Lieutenant-Colonel Floyd Clarkson, Lieutenant-Colonel A. M. Clark, Captain E. Blunt. As the clergymen reached the foot of the steps leading to the catafalque they halted, and separating, five on each side, bowed their heads as the casket was carried past them. During this time the only sound heard was a dirge played softly by a band. Not a word was spoken as the car was started to Broadway. Captain Johnson reversed his position and stood immediately at the rear of the funeral car, and two files of the U. S. Grant Post fell into line immediately afterward. At a distance of ten feet each side of the bearers were the two companies of Fifth battery.

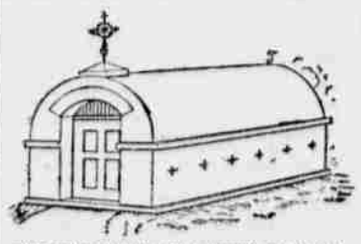
As the funeral car turned slowly into Broadway from the Park plaza, it was joined by the twelve pallbearers, who immediately preceded it in carriages. There were two in each carriage, and the carriages were driven two abreast. In the first at the right sat General Sherman with General Joseph E. Johnston; in the first at the left were General Sheridan and General Buckner. In the second at the right were Admirals Porter and Worden; in the second at the left were General Logan and ex-Secretary Boutwell; in the third at the right was Mr. George Jones with Mr. Oliver Hoyt; in the third at the left were Mr. Geo. W. Childs and Mr. A. J. Drexel, who had been appointed as a substitute to ex-Secretary Hamilton Fish, illness preventing the latter's attendance. As the stately funeral car turned into Broadway, Meade Post took up a position directly following it. The funeral car and its escort were upon Broadway by sharp 10 o'clock.

THE PROCESSION STARTS.

The Army and Navy Division Heads the Parade.

When at 9 o'clock General Hancock and his staff passed up Broadway to the City Hall and beyond, to take their position at the head of the military column, they were followed by the entire army and navy division. They had formed on Park place and streets between that and the Battery. The division, with its glittering staff at the head, was a sight well worth seeing in itself. The close ranks, the thoroughly military movement, the bright uniforms, brought forth exclamations of pleasure at the sight all along the line of the thousands of spectators.

The passing of these troops was the general signal to all the troops and organizations stationed along Broadway to be in readiness to march. As they passed beyond the City Hall to take their position at the head of the entire

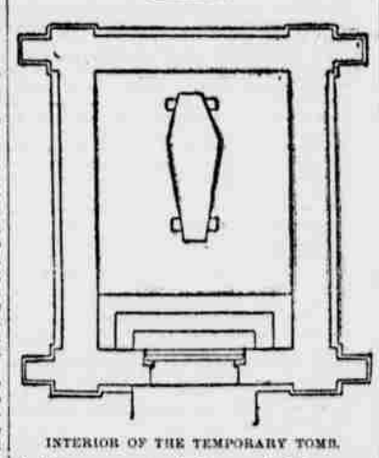


THE TEMPORARY TOMB, RIVERSIDE PARK.

line, word was given to prepare for the removal of the casket. As they passed Chambers street the First division of the New Jersey National Guard wheeled into the street and took up a position above Duane street, their place in the procession being at the head of the division containing the catafalque and immediately preceding the pall-bearers. Below the City Hall Park the municipal officials and board of aldermen of New York began to assemble in carriages and form in line of two carriages abreast, in order to immediately follow the catafalque until it reached Twenty-third street. When the catafalque reached Broadway the carriages of the city officials immediately drew up more closely, and word was telegraphed to General Hancock that all was in readiness. At 9:45 the signal came to start, and as the entire line began to move slowly uptown, the tolling of St. Paul's bell announced the fact to the waiting thousands.

It is safe to say that there was not a foot of standing-room vacant in the neighborhood of City Hall park from an early hour except that which was cleared by the police. Printing House square and Broadway up to Union Square were one mass of humanity as early as 8:30 o'clock. Every available window of the buildings facing the spot was filled with people to its utmost capacity, while the roofs of the high structures presented a dark fringe of living beings outlined against the blue sky. Pressing closely against the police lines the entire circle of the City Hall park were thousands of men, women and children, many of whom had held their positions for hours.

EXTERIOR OF THE TEMPORARY TOMB.



INTERIOR OF THE TEMPORARY TOMB.

But it was a most orderly crowd. There was apparently no noisy element in it except the vendors of programmes and Grant memorial badges. After the great black funeral car appeared on the plaza conversation even was carried on in lower tones, and despite the eagerness of all to get as good a sight as possible of the ceremony, there could be seen no violent pushing or crowding which usually characterizes a gathering of the kind.

It was evident that the great throng, composed as it was of the most widely different elements, was of but one thought—that of showing respect and reverence for the heroic dead. As the great, black funeral car and its precious burden moved from its position many heads were uncovered and bowed until it had passed. The throng around the carriages of the pall-bearers, while they were waiting the signal to start, was particularly large and filled with respectful curiosity. They edged as closely as they could to the carriages containing the distinguished generals of the South and North, sitting side by side, and seemed pleased to notice the evidently cordial terms upon which they were. The objects of the crowd's interest seemed not at all annoyed and frequently smiled, when the voice of an over-curious questioner could be heard asking policemen to point out one or the other.

THE LINE OF MARCH.

Some of the Most Striking Features of the Procession.

The column was five hours almost to a minute in moving over the crest of Murray Hill. This was the most favored spot in the whole town at which to see it. The grade of Fifth avenue above Madison square gradually rises till Thirty-seventh street is reached, then the Belgian pavements as gradually slope away to a lower level, and a view is presented of the magnificent avenue to the north and to the south that is unsurpassed. Thousands of New Yorkers who knew its advantages sought the spot at an early hour and secured positions along the sidewalks, on the lamp posts, in the trees, and even on the arms of the tall telegraph poles. The people looking out of their windows actually discovered the walks filling up at 7 o'clock in the morning, three hours at least before even the head of the procession could pass their way.

The crowds swarmed into the avenue as the hours wore on, and it was black with human beings, jostling one another between the curbings and presenting a barrier to the escort column that appeared impenetrable. But when a squad of mounted men in the familiar police uniform rode into sight far down at Madison square the barrier commenced to crumble. The policemen stationed in the gutters massed themselves and moved with the power of ponderous battering rams against it. Its sides yielded first, then its front gave way, then it collapsed completely, its parts being wedged into the crowd already packed on the sidewalks or hurled into the side streets. The mounted squad brushed away the remnants, and the granite blocks were cleared for the column, now becoming distinctly defined in the distance.

It was 10:30 when Major-General Winfield Scott Hancock rode past on his black horse, with his staff clattering at its very heels. Behind them, as far as the eye could measure the avenue, were massed the regiments in their brilliant uniforms, their guns glistening in the sun, their colors draped, and their slow steps keeping time to the music of many dirges for the dead. Companies of United States regulars were at their head, the batteries of the Fifth rumbling over the granite road in advance of the rest. The infantrymen swung along behind with their machine-like tread. The faintest of taps were sounded by the muffled drums. The bluejackets were the subject of many admiring comments from the crowd. They presented a very attractive appearance in sixteen files front, clad in blue breeches and white leggings, white shirts with broad blue collars, and white caps with black bands. Although they presented a steady front, their marching showed they were more familiar with the rolling motion of a ship than the slippery surface of the pavements. The marines were mistaken by many for land soldiers. Their uniform was in marked contrast to that of the blue-jackets. It consisted of white trousers, blue coats with bright yellow epaulets and white helmets. Like several companies of the bluejackets, they were armed with rifles. The Marine band, of Washington, which headed the naval brigade, wore a showy uniform, consisting of white trousers, scarlet coats with yellow epaulets and white helmets. There was an abundance of color in the naval force. Perhaps the most attractive feature in the eyes of the crowd was the bluejacket battery of artillery, with its eight small ship's guns.

There was a gap in the column which required a long time to fill. The last white sailor hat had disappeared over the brow of the hill, when the national guard of the State of New York moved up, and once more the avenue presented an unbroken line of military men. Major-General Alexander Shaler was in command, riding a spiritedhorse that was hard to control. The spectators had encroached upon the pavements, and the police used force to crowd them back to their places. The First battery was at hand, and its wheels grazed the mass as it sullenly retreated before their ominous sound. The Twenty-second, the Ninth, Twelfth and the Eleventh regiments brought their guns to the shoulder as they passed. Above the medley of accompanying sounds rose the music of the "Dead March in Saul," rendered by the Ninth's well-trained band.

A solid phalanx of men uniformed in white appeared far down the avenue. In the distance its formations were indistinguishable, and as it marched up the incline the swing of the companies gave it the undulating appearance of a a series of billows rolling toward an ocean shore. This was the famous Seventh, whose full ranks and regular tread were watched with the keenest interest till the last line of cross belts went over the ridge. Emerald plumes danced in the light breeze and the Sixty-ninth went past, followed by the Eighth with straggling lines, and the Eleventh Separate company with a step that relieved this portion of the column of the criticism of being unsoldierly. Two companies of the Old Guard in their sweltering bearskin hats were commanded by Major George W. McLean. The company in grenadier uniforms was the Governor's Foot Guards, of Hartford, Conn., commanded by Major J. C. Kinnly. Its brilliant colors were

WHERE THE NATIONAL MONUMENT WILL STAND, RIVERSIDE PARK.

surpassed by the scarlet of the zouaves attached to the Fifth volunteers. The Italian residents were represented by the Columbo Guards, the Italian Rifle Guard, and the Garibaldi Legion, in their uniforms of dark blue. Last of all the military organizations of this First division were companies of colored troops.

An hour had been consumed in the passage of this division. Still the avenue was choked with a uniformed line, and the air was filled with the sounds of muffled drums. A veil of clouds floated across the face of the sun, and the relief from the beating rays was most grateful. In the halt of the next half hour the crowds again burst the police barriers and again had to be beaten into line. The noisy gongs of ambulances added to the confusion as they were hurriedly driven through the lines in response to the signals from the fire boxes. Major General E. L. Molineux was in command of the Second Division, in which the Brooklyn regiments had the lead. Next to the Seventh in the excellence of its appearance and its soldierly bearing was the First Pennsylvania, a crack regiment of Philadelphia guardsmen, with knapsacks and blankets rolled. One by one other militia organizations slowly poured over the hill. There were the Gate City guards, of Atlanta, Ga.; the Second Connecticut, the First Massachusetts volunteers, the Gray Invincibles, four companies of Virginia troops in their uniform of gray, two corps of veterans and the Capitol City guards, of the District of Columbia, a company from Minnesota, and then a division of the New Jersey National guard in command of Major-General J. W. Plume, with the Drake Zouaves in their bright Turkish dress. Hurrying along behind all the rest and in such tardy time that they were ordered up the hill at a double quick were several bodies of militia, which had evidently lost their place in the line and had been compelled to fall to the rear of the military column. About 12,000 soldiers had now passed up the avenue and the head of the column had disappeared in the direction of Riverside park.

In the distance was the catafalque and carriages coming along by the score. Those in advance contained the clergy and the physicians of General Grant. Two pall bearers occupied each of the carriages set apart for their use, and these were driven two abreast. Twenty-four black horses with heavy trappings drew the catafalque. Each horse had his sable groom, and each groom clung closely to the bit of the animal in his charge. Immediately preceding the catafalque was a detachment from George G. Meade Post, No. 1, of the Grand Army of the Republic, of Philadelphia, of which General Grant was a member. The post was in command of Alexander Reed and its members carried sixteen tattered battle flags. At the wheels of the catafalque on either side were three members of General U. S. Grant Post, of Brooklyn, who have served as the guard of honor ever since the body of General Grant was at Mount McGregor. Flanking the car where the two companies of United States troops composing the body guard, Company E. Twelfth Infantry, Captain Hugh G. Brown, and Battery A, Fifth Artillery, Lieutenant Vogdes. Beneath the sable canopy and in full view was the casket, upon which all eyes were riveted. As it passed the crowd grew motionless and stood with bared heads.

A mass of carriages followed the catafalque, three abreast, in the foremost of which were relatives and personal friends of the dead commander. A large number of dignitaries followed, with a carriage in advance drawn by six horses and containing President Cleveland and Secretary Bayard.

In the midst of the formation of carriages filled with members of President Cleveland's cabinet, ex-cabinet officers, General Grant's old staff, supreme court judges, United States Senators, and members of the House of Representatives, diplomatic and consular officers who served under President Grant, was a carriage in which sat ex-Presidents Chester A. Arthur and Rutherford B. Hayes. The governors of States and members of their staffs passed in review in the order of the dates on which was ratified the admission of their respective States into the Union. The remainder of the carriages had for occupants the heads of bureaus of the war department, the staffs of General Sheridan and General Scofield, Admiral Jouett and other naval officers, civil officers of the United States of various degrees, and mayors of cities ranged in the order of population and the committee of escort of 101 of New York's prominent citizens.

It was now 1:45 o'clock, and little more than half of the column had come and gone. Two divisions of veterans and civic organizations were slowly tolling northward from the direction of the Battery. First came the veterans, a legion of men not far from 18,000 strong, under the command of Major-General Daniel E. Sickles, who was accompanied by a brilliant staff. The escort was made up of details from the various organizations in his command. The Grand Army of the Republic was led by Comrade S. S. Burdett, Commander-in-Chief, and he had with him as escort Vice-Commander Seldon Connor, of Maine; Chaplain T. H. Stewart, of Ohio; Adjutant-General John Cameron, of Washington, and Quartermaster-General John Taylor, of Pennsylvania, and Assistant Adjutant-General Frederick Brackett, of Washington.

The veterans of the Second Regiment Fire Zouaves of Pennsylvania led the division, with its drum corps at its head. Other Pennsylvania organizations followed, prominent in which was the remainder of the General George G. Meade Post, No. 1, with the Camden (N. J.) band. The appearance of the corps was striking. It marched twelve files front and carried numerous battle flags draped in black. With Post No. 394 were three little girls dressed as drummers, and they attracted universal attention. New York City posts in four divisions came after the Pennsylvanians. They marched well and were under command of Assistant Grand Marshal James B. Horner, Comrade C. H. McDonald, Comrade Michael Duffy, and Comrade Samuel Paulding respectively, and after them came posts from the interior of the State. In these were represented Rochester, Albany, Port Chester, Mariner's Harbor, Poughkeepsie, Fishkill, Long Island City, Flushing, College Point, Freeport, Newtown, Hempstead, Sing Sing, and Tarrytown. Connecticut's Grand Army men made an unexceptionable display. Massachusetts was well represented. Its line was headed by the Union Cornet Band and was distinguished by its spiked helmets. Post No. 2, of Boston, marched with drawn swords.

The department of New Jersey was represented in larger numbers than any other outside of New York. The posts which attracted most attention was Van Houten, of Jersey City, and Bayard, of Trenton. The contingent was well supplied with drum corps, and carried many battle-worn flags. The department of the Potomac was represented, and there were also delegates and representatives from the department of Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Kansas, Ohio, Maine, New-Hampshire, Indiana, Vermont, California, Colorado, Delaware, Missouri, and Texas.

The three brigades of veteran regimental associations included men who from their appearance had seen hard service in the cause of their country. The uniform of the Seventy-ninth regiment of Highlanders brought the remnants of that regiment prominently to the fore. There were also veterans of the Fire Zouaves, Anderson's Zouaves, the Sixty-ninth, the First, the Tenth, the Thirty-ninth, the Continental Guards, Hawkins' Zouaves, the Thirty-sixth, the Fortieth, the Forty-second, the Ninetieth, the One Hundred and Thirty-third, the One Hundred and Thirty-ninth, and Forty-fifth regiments, all volunteers. In the third brigade were the veterans of the Seventh, the Fourteenth, and the Twenty-second regiment, and with them were veterans of New Jersey, Chicago, New Bedford, Philadelphia, and Brooklyn. Veterans of the regular army formed a portion of the same brigade.

The civic division, numbering probably 8,000 men, brought up the rear of the procession. Major-General Martin T. McMahon was in command, and he had a staff composed of representative men of the city. Many of the representatives of the organizations rode in carriages, three abreast, which were driven immediately behind the veteran organizations. The society of the Cincinnati,

the Chamber of Commerce, the New York Historical society, the Union League club, the Aztec club, a committee of ex-Confederate veterans, United States Christian commission, former diplomatic and consular officers, the Grant Monument association, the Citizens Law and Order league, and the Chamber of Commerce of New Haven, all had delegatas in carriages. Following them, in carriages also, were representatives of the various New York commercial exchanges, many of the carriages being distinguished by banners bearing the titles of the organizations. There was also a division of Republican clubs, under command of Colonel Charles G. Otis. In the carriages were representatives of the county committee, the Young Men's Republican clubs of New York, of Kings county, of Jersey City, and of Baltimore, and of the Lincoln League of the Third Ward Lincoln club.

The Sons of Veterans turned out 500 strong. The Knights of Pythias wore a striking uniform and moved with marked precision, as did also the Knights of Sherwood Forest. The Order of United American Mechanics was represented by Excelsior Council No. 14, and Valley Forge Council No. 2. Societa del Fraterno Amore, were followed by the Excelsior Association, of Jersey City, brought the procession to a close. The last man passed the Brick church at 3:30 P. M.

The last subdivision was under command of Colonel John W. Jacobus, and although last it by no means attracted the least attention. The Association of Exempt Firemen and the Volunteer Firemen's association had in their ranks a large delegation of the men who in olden days were the pride of all New Yorkers, and they carried themselves like veterans. Their marching was so good that it elicited subdued applause from those on the sidewalks.

From estimates gathered during the passage of the column the number of persons in line will fall little short of fifty thousand men. This number was made up as follows:—General Hancock and staff and United States army, Navy and Marine corps, 2,500 men; General Shaler's column of National Guard from New York and other States, armed veterans and other organizations, 16,000 men; General Sickles' column of veteran associations and posts of the Grand Army, 18,000 men; General McMahon's column of civic organizations and delegations, 3,500 men; Colonel Hodges' column of officials and mourners, in carriages, 3,200 men; aids and mounted men, 500.

During the passage of the procession the streets of the city other than those immediately in the vicinity of the moving column were almost deserted. From dense crowds along the line, recruited from the suburbs and from distant towns and cities, it is a fair estimate to say half a million people were spectators of the funeral procession of General Grant.

MOURNERS IN CARRIAGES.

Distinguished People in the Immediate Vicinity of the Remains.

The following is a list of the organizations and noted personages that immediately preceded and followed the funeral car:

Major-General Plume, commanding two brigades New Jersey National Guard
and Drake's Veteran
Zouaves, 2,750 men.
Total of militia 12,039 men.
Clergy, four carriages.
Physicians, two carriages.

Pall bearers: General William T. Sherman, U. S. A.; Lieutenant-General Philip H. Sheridan, U. S. A.; Admiral David B. Porter, U. S. N.; Rear Admiral John L. Worden, U. S. N.; General Joseph E. Johnston, of Virginia; General Simon B. Buckner, of Kentucky; A. J. Drexel, of Pennsylvania; George S. Boutwell, of Massachusetts; George W. Childs, of Pennsylvania; John A. Logan, of Illinois; George Jones and Oliver Hoyt, of New York—8 carriages.

CATAFALQUE.

Guarded by Wheeler and Grant Posts, G. A. R., and by David's Island Band, 20 men.
Capt. William B. Beck, Fifth Artillery, commanding; Battery A, Fifth Artillery, Capt. Beck, 40 men; Company E, Twelfth Infantry, Capt. H. G. Brown, 40 men.
Members of the family and relatives, 8 carriages.
Mrs. Rawlins Holman, 1 carriage.
Gen. Grant's old staff and Cabinet, 8 carriages.
Levi P. Morton and J. W. Drexel, 1 carriage.
Aztec Club, survivors of the Mexican war, 2 carriages.
President Cleveland, 1 carriage.
Vice-President Hendricks, 1 carriage.
Members of the Cabinet, 4 carriages.
Members of the United States Supreme court, 3 carriages.
United States Senate, 10 carriages.
Speaker and House of Representatives, 16 carriages.
Governor of New York and staff, 6 carriages.
Chester A. Arthur and R. B. Hayes, 1 carriage.
Foreign ministers, 8 carriages.
Consuls, 4 carriages.
Diplomatic and Consular officers, &c., who served under Grant, 12 carriages.
Governor of Pennsylvania and staff, eight carriages; Governor of New Jersey, staff and committee, fourteen carriages; Governor of Connecticut, staff and committee, 5 carriages; Governor of Massachusetts, staff and committee, 10 carriages; Governor of New Hampshire and staff, 3 carriages; Governor of Rhode Island and staff, 4 carriages; Governor of Vermont and staff, 4 carriages; Governor of Indiana, 1 carriage; Governor of Illinois, staff and committee, 8 carriages; Governor of Maine and staff, 2 carriages; Governor of Michigan and staff, 3 carriages; Governor of Iowa and staff, 2 carriages; Governor of Wisconsin, staff and committee, 7 carriages; Governor of West Virginia, 1 carriage; Governor of Colorado and committee, 4 carriages; Governor of Dakota and staff, 2 carriages.
Legislature of New York, 30 carriages.
Heads of bureaus of the War Department, 3 carriages.
Gen. P. H. Sheridan's staff, 4 carriages.
Gen. Schofield and staff, 2 carriages.
Admiral Jouett and staff, 4 carriages.
Commodore Chandler and staff, 3 carriages.
Gen. Franklin, President of the Soldiers' Home, 1 carriage.
United States District Attorney, Collector, Surveyor, Naval Officer, and Assistant Treasurer, 3 carriages.
Board of Indian Commissioners, 3 carriages.
Mayor and Aldermen of New York, 35 carriages; Mayor Philadelphia and citizens, 30 carriages; Mayor of Brooklyn and citizens, 10 carriages; Mayor of Boston and citizens, 5 carriages; Mayor of St. Louis and citizens, 10 carriages; Mayor of Jersey City and citizens 7 carriages; Mayor of New Haven and citizens, 5 carriages; Mayor of Hartford and citizens, 2 carriages; Mayor of Elizabeth and citizens, 3 carriages; Mayor of Hudson and citizens, 2 carriages.
The Committee of One Hundred and One in 30 carriages.
For G. A. R. escort to return in, 4 (empty) carriages.
Carriages, 353; average to carriage, 3:1,059.

ORDER OF THE PARADE.

Participants in the Procession from Beginning to End.

Mounted Police.
Maj.-Gen. Winfield S. Hancock, Commander-in-Chief, and staff of eight officers.
Aides—Major-General Daniel E. Sickles, Rear-Admirals C. R. P. Rogers and Thomas A. Stevens, Major-General J. G. Farnsworth, Brevet-Major-Generals Rufus Ingalls, James B. Fry, Wesley Merritt, Martin T. McMahon and Henry A. Barnum; Brigadier-Generals Egbert L. Viele, Lloyd Aspinwall, and Horatio C. King; Brevet-Brigadier-Generals John C. Tidball, Henry L. Abbott, C. B. Comstock, Theodore F. Rodenbough, Horace Porter, H. A. Bingham, Joseph S. Fullerton, Francis A. Walker, C. A. Carleton, Edward W. Serrell, W. Serrell, W. G. Mann, C. H. Barney and Adam Badeau; General John B. Gordon and Brigadier-General Fitzhugh Lee, ex-Confederate officers; General George Van Schaick, and about fifty other officers.
Light Battery F, Fifth United States Artillery.
Battalion of Engineers and Band.
A battalion of four batteries of the Fifth United States Artillery, under command of Major Abram C. Wildrick.
Band of the Fifth United States Artillery from Fort Hamilton.
Battalion forming Guard of Honor under command of Captain William B. Beck.
Fifth United States Artillery, to consist of Battery A, Fifth United States Artillery.
Company E, Twelfth United States Infantry.
David's Island Band.
Naval Brigade.
First Division, N. G. S. N. Y., Major-General Alexander Shaler.
Old Guard of New York City.
Governor's Foot Guard, of Hartford, Conn.
Veteran Association, One Hundred and Sixty-fifth New York Volunteers.
Veteran Zouave Association.
Thirteenth Regiment, New York Volunteer Veterans.
Fifth Regiment, New York Volunteer Zouaves.
Second Company, Washington Continental Guard.
Columbo Guards, Italian Rifle Guard, Garibaldi Legion, New York City.
Columbia Guards.
Veteran Guards (colored), three companies.
Second Division N. G. S. N. Y.
First Regiment National Guard of Pennsylvania.
Gray Invincibles.
Gate City Guard, of Atlanta, Ga.
Second Regiment, Connecticut National Guard.
First Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteer Militia.
Four Companies Virginia State Troops.
First Company, Union Veteran Corps, District of Columbia.
Union Veteran Corps, District of Columbia.
Capitol City Guards, Washington, D. C.
Company D., First Minnesota Guard.
The Division of New Jersey National Guard, Major-General J. W. Plume.

THE CATAFALQUE.

Guard of Honor from U. S. Grant and Wheeler Posts.
Pall bearers.
Family and relatives of General Grant, clergy, physicians, ex-cabinet officers, General Grant's old staff.
Messrs. A. J. and J. W. Drexel.
The President of the United States.
Vice-President.
Members of the Cabinet.
Members of the Supreme Court.
United States Senate, Speaker and Members of the House of Representatives.
Governor of New York State and staff.
Ex-Presidents.
Foreign Ministers.
Diplomatic and Consular Officers under General Grant.
Governors of States according to date of ratification of the Constitution and date of entry into Union.
Heads of Bureaus of War Department.
General Sheridan's staff.
General Schofield and staff.
Admiral Jouett, United States Navy.
Commander Chandler.
President of the Soldiers' Home.
United States District Attorney.
Collector, Naval Officer.
Assistant Treasurer.
Board of Indian Commissioners.
Mayors of cities according to population, with committees from Common Councils New York, Brooklyn, Boston, St. Louis, Jersey City, New Haven, Hartford, Elizabeth, Hudson, Hoboken, etc.
The Committee of One Hundred.

SECOND DIVISION.

Veteran Organizations.
General Daniel E. Sickles, Commander.
Aides—Major-General Daniel Butterfield, Chief of Staff and Senior Aide-de-Camp, Brig.-Gen. Henry E. Tremain, Brig.-Gen. James R. O'Beirne, Brig.-Gen. James S. Fraser, Brig.-Gen. Samuel K. Schwenk, United States Army, and twelve others.
Escort detailed from Third Army Corps Veterans.
Major-Gen. J. C. Robinson, United States Army, and the retired officers of the United States Army.
Navy and Marine Corps.
Military order of the Loyal Legion of the United States.
Society of the Army of the Potomac.
Society of the Army of the Tennessee.
Society of the Army of the Cumberland.
Grand Army of the Republic, Comrade S. S. Burdett, Commander-in-Chief. Escort staff: Selden Connor, of Maine, Senior Vice-Commander; T. H. Stewart, of Ohio, Chaplain; John Cameron, of Washington, Adjutant-General; John Taylor, of Pennsylvania, Quartermaster-General; F. Bracket, of Washington, Assistant Adjutant-General.
Pennsylvania—General George G. Meade Post, No. 1. Delegates from Ford Post, No 335, and William Downing Post, No. 435.
New York City Posts in four divisions.
Posts Nos. 8, 13, 24, 29, 38, 58, 75, 77, 96, 100, 135, 140, 143, 182.
Second Division commanded by Comrade C. H. McDonald.
Posts No. 103, 186, 234, 255, 307, 320, 394, 402, 408, 436, 458, 520, 557.
Third Division commanded by Comrade Michael Duffy. Posts Nos. 32, 42, 44, 62, 67, 69, 79, 80, 128.
Fourth Division commanded by Comrade Samuel Paulding.
Posts Nos. 113, 136, 192, 264, 300, 330, 427, 452, 516, 559.
New York State Posts outside of the city, Charles W. Cowton, commanding.
Brooklyn Posts.
O'Rourke Post, No. 1, Rochester.
L. O. Morris Post, No. 121, Albany.
Lawrence Post, No. 378, Port Chester.
Richmond Post, No. 524, Mariner's Harbor.
Hamilton Post, No. 20, Poughkeepsie.
Howland Post, No. 48, Fishkill.
Ringold Post, No. 283, Long Island City.
Huntsman Post, No. 50, Flushing.
Wirth Post, No. 451, College Point.
D. B. Mott Post, No. 527, Freeport.
R. J. Marks Post, No. 560, Newtown.
Baldwin Post, No. 544, Hempstead.
Marell Post, No. 144, Sing Sing.
Burnett Post, No. 496, Tarrytown.
Connecticut Posts.
Massachusetts Posts.
New Jersey Posts.
Department of Potomac.
Delegates and representatives from Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Kansas, Ohio, Maine, New Hampshire, Indiana, Vermont, California, Colorado, Delaware, Missouri and Texas.
Veteran regimental associations in three brigades.
First Brigade, General James R. O'Beirne commanding.
Seventy-ninth Regiment Highlanders New York Volunteers.
Second Veteran Fire Zouaves (Fourth Excelsior).
Anderson Zouaves, Sixty-second New York Volunteers.
Sixty-ninth Veteran Corps.
Fifth New York Volunteers.
Veteran Association, First New York Volunteers.
Veteran Association, Tenth New York Volunteers.
Garibaldi Guards, Thirty-ninth New York Volunteers.
Continental Guards of New York.
Chicago Union Veterans' Club.
Second Brigade, Col. Thomas Rafferty commanding.
Hawkins Zouaves, Ninth Regiment New York Volunteers.
United Association Fourth New York Volunteer Veterans.
Thirty-sixth New York Volunteers.
Fortieth New York Volunteers, Mozart Regiment.
Forty-second New York Volunteers, Tammany Regiment.
Ninetieth New York Volunteer Veteran Association.
One Hundred and Thirty-third New York Volunteer Veteran Association.
One Hundred and Thirty-ninth New York Volunteer Veteran Association.
Forty-fifth New York Volunteer Veteran Association.
The several associations of Mexican War Veterans.
Sons of Veterans, Department of New York.
Third Brigade, Gen. Frank B. Spinola commanding.
Union Veteran Association, First New Jersey Volunteers, George N. Tibble commanding.
National Veteran Association of Chicago.
New Bedford Veteran Association.
Philadelphia Veteran Association.
Veterans of Regular Army.
Seventh Regiment Veterans, Col. L. W. Winchester commanding.
Twenty Second Regiment Veterans, Colonel George W. Laird commanding.
Fourteenth Regiment Veteran Association.
Ninth Regiment Veterans.
Soldiers' and Sailors' Union of Brooklyn.
Soldaten and Matrosen Union of Brooklyn, E. M. Crossant commanding.
War Veteran Association, Fourteenth Regiment of Brooklyn, Colonel E. B. Fowler commanding.

THIRD (CIVIC) DIVISION.

Major-General M. T. McMahon, commander, and thirty-eight aids.

FIRST SUBDIVISION.

Col. A. G. Dickinson, Commander.
Society of the Cincinnati.
Chamber of Commerce.
New York Historical Society.
Union League Club.
Aztec Club.
Committee of ex-Confederate Veterans.
United States Christian Commission.
Ex-Diplomatic and Consular Officers.
Grant Monument Association.
Citizens' Law and Order League of Boston.
Chamber of Commerce of New Haven.

SECOND SUBDIVISION.

Col. John W. Marshall, Commander.
New York Stock Exchange.
Consolidated Stock and Petroleum Exchange.
Consolidated Cotton Exchange.
Consolidated Produce Exchange.
Consolidated Board of Trade and Transportation.
Consolidated Mercantile Exchange.
Maritime Association, Port of New York.
New York Metal Exchange.
New York Real Estate Exchange.
New York Board of Fire Underwriters.

THIRD SUBDIVISION.

Col. Charles G. Otis, Commander.
Republican County Committee.
Young Men's Republican Club of New York.
Young Men's Republican Club of Kings County.
Young Men's Republican Club of Jersey City.
Young Men's Republican Club of Baltimore.
Lincoln League.
Third Ward Lincoln Club.

FOURTH SUBDIVISION.

Col. John W. Jacobus, commander,
Association of Exempt Firemen.
Volunteer Firemen's Association.
Sons of Veterans.
Highland Guard.
Knights of Pythias.
Knights of Sherwood Forest.
Excelsior Council, No. 14, O. U. A. M.
Valley Forge Council, No. 2, I. O. U. A. M.
Societa del Fraterno Amore.
Excelsior Association of Jersey City.

THE NAVAL DEMONSTRATION.

Guns From the Fleet in the Hudson, Opposite Riverside Park.

When the first beams of the morning touched the bold shores of the North river, the men-of-war lying still and dark in the shadows of the bluff of Riverside Park became suddenly stirred into life. The shrill sound of the boatswain's call echoed from ship to ship and the hills returned echoes of the reveille which came from the bugles of the scarlet coated marine buglers. Pennants and ensigns fluttered up into the sunlight, stopping at half mast, as if the men at the halyards had not the heart to hoist them further. The yards of the ships were square and straight, and even with the flags half-masted the fleet had a trim, ship-shape air. But suddenly all down the line of vessels the yards were "cock-billed." Then indeed the fleet looked mournful. With the yards all pointing in different directions, the flags and pennants hanging idly half way up the masts, all jauntiness was gone and grief was expressed by the vessels as no other inanimate object can express it.

At the fore of Admiral Jouett's temporary flagship, the Dispatch, the President's flag was displayed at half mast, the Admiral's own flag being half-masted at the main. As soon as the sun rose a gun was fired from the Dispatch, and at intervals of half an hour all day long that gun kept up its steady and monotonous boom. Tugs from the navy yard were alongside the vessels early in the morning, and the blue-jackets and marines who were to march in the funeral procession were transported down the river and landed in the lower part of the city. As soon as the head of the funeral procession left the City Hall the Dispatch fired a salute of twenty-one guns. When the salute from the Dispatch was finished the Powhattan took it up, and so on down the line until all ships had saluted. The naval brigade had drawn so many men from the fleet that the ships were comparatively deserted. A few sailors sitting about, a marine orderly or two marching up and down the deck with steady tread, aloft the weary flags and the tangled net-work of displaced yards—such was the picture on board. There was no sound but the booming of the guns, and in the intervals of stillness might be heard the quiet flap of a sail as some merchant vessel went up or down the river. The hills above Yonkers, the stately Palisades and the green slopes of Riverside Park basked in the sunlight as the placid river came flowing out of the purple obscurity to the northward and ran like a stream of silver between the emerald borders. A peaceful sadness brooded over everything. Even the sound of the cannon was a sound of peace and not of war. The thunder of the national salute which rolled along the line when the funeral procession started from the City Hall had nothing of the sound of exultation in it, but seemed rather the salvo et vale of some grand chorous.

By noon the aspect of the slopes of Riverside park had changed and they were black with people. But somehow the presence of the vast crowds on the shore only made the peace and sorrow of the fleet seem more complete. Then the head of the funeral column reached the park and helmets and uniforms and bright bayonets gleamed along its crest. But still the sorrowful looking fleet lay motionless on the glassy tide and from the Dispatch every half-hour a tongue of flame leaped forth, a wreath of smoke was blown away and the sound of a cannon rolled from shore to shore and died away in sobs far up among the hills. When the services were over at the tomb, down the hill to the shore came the sailors and marines from the fleet and were conveyed on board. At sunset the colors were hauled down, the yards were squared and the navy had paid its last tribute of respect to the illustrious dead.

SCENES IN RIVERSIDE PARK.

An Immense Throng Waiting Patiently All Day in the Sun.

Before the dew was off the grass people living far up town began to pick out choice situations for viewing the final ceremonies in Riverside Park. Rather than struggle with the crowds in the streets downtown they preferred to wait all day in the sun and get a good look at the closing scenes. Whole families, bringing lunch with them, took possession of shade trees on the bluff and sat down full of complacent satisfaction, feeling assured that, once having passed the boundary line of the park, the police would never take the trouble to drive them all out again. In this they were sadly mistaken.

Before 9 o'clock Capt. Beatty sent his gray-coated policemen around the park with instructions to send everybody not fortified with a permit beyond the sidewalks skirting the eastern limit of the drive. The disappointed early comers begged, pleaded, and entreated, but the policemen had strict orders and were inexorable. Thus a long line of people, with their toes on the inner edge of the pavement, was formed from the east crest of the bluff at the end of the park as far as the eye could reach down the drive. First it was a single line, soon it doubled, then it trebled, until the shoals of new arrivals that came tramping across the meadows in the rear, wending their way through the dusty streets and taking short cuts over fences and across private yards, swelled it to an army. All footsteps tended to the same point—the tomb on the hilltop.

It was marvelous to see the people come. Men and women were hurrying on foot, dragging crying children along by the hand as though they had not a minute to lose, although the body of the great man whose coffin they were all out on purpose to see had not yet left the City Hall. In cabs, in carts, in busses, in lumbering trucks, in horse cars, or anything that would run on wheels, the multitude kept coming, the number of persons that rode being invariably determined by the capacity of the vehicle and not by the physical endurance of the horses. As the line stretched further and further down the edge of the drive toward Seventy-second street, policemen were stretched out in front of them, a few feet apart. It was a remarkable sight, even for a New Yorker, to see a straight line of blue coats and brass buttons nearly three miles long stemming back as effectually as a stone breakwater sets a limit to the tide the turbulent, pushing crowd of human beings behind them. Woe to the man or woman that tried to cross the sidewalk. At the street corners the thoroughfare was kept open, but no vehicles were allowed to roll into the park drive, nor could the wagons come to a standstill at the street line.

By 10 o'clock, when the first gun from the war ships on the river announced to the crowd that the great pageant was on its march, even people in the rear could not find places to stand between 122d and 127th streets, so they began to broaden out the line down toward the city almost out of sight of the tomb. At any time, however, till the funeral procession entered the park good places were not hard to find along the lower end of the drive. The minute guns on the war ships had been marking the steady progress of the procession for two hours before the men working on the tomb dropped their tools and left everything in readiness for receiving the body. So many little details, not considered in the hurry and bustle of preliminary preparation, remained to be attended to that the workmen never ceased their labors through the night, and continued right on till noon, with the exception of a brief rest for a hurried breakfast. The little Runic cross that surmounts the entrance to the vault, instead of being left an olive-green color, the same as the iron gate, was finished off in maroon and gilt. The large letter "G" on the gate was gilded also. The carpenters were the last men to quit work, after putting down a platform 125 feet long directly fronting the tomb and about fifty feet from it, amply provided with seats for distinguished guests at the ceremonies.

THE CLOSING CEREMONIES.

Beautiful and Impressive Services at the Tomb.

Amid bugle calls and the rapid shouting of orders, the rattle of musketry, the roll of drums, the prancing of horses, immense bodies of troops deploying into line and into columns, long rows of bayonets glistening like streaks of burnished silver, the boom and smoke of cannon rising from the river, a great display of uniformed soldiery was soon massed around the tomb. It was a sight that those who saw it will never forget. The various regiments and bands, moving here and halting there, formed a kaleidscope of the most brilliant colors. The Seventh regiment skirted the bluff facing the tomb, and the Twenty-second continued in an even line beyond them. The marines fringed the drive and crept up the hill toward the hotel. The artillery men filled up a bend in the plain to the right. The regular infantry got behind the trees on the highest point of land in the park, where there is some talk of putting the permanent tomb. The veterans filled in vacant places as close as they could conveniently get to the tomb, and yet leave room for the distinguished civilians and mourners. General Shaler and his staff, General Hancock's aides, and numerous others on horseback drew up within easy hearing of the vault and added by their soldierly bearing to the magnificent spectacle.

Meanwhile the catafalque had come to a halt close by the tomb, and the most prominent men in the country were getting out of carriages to bid a great hero farewell. Drs. Douglas, Shrady and Sands stood within twenty feet of the bier of him over whom they had watched so many anxious hours. The Rev. Dr. Newman and the little group of clergymen of various creeds who had been invited to participate by their presence waited, with uncovered heads, close at hand. President Cleveland and the members of his cabinet, ex-Presidents and ex-cabinet officers, distinguished generals, judges and diplomats, governors of States, heads of departments, and mayors of great cities, were all dividing off into groups and drawing closer and closer around the tomb.

Soon after the black horses somewhat dusty from their long journey came to a halt some members of the U. S. Grant Post ascended the cloth-covered steps to the top of the catafalque and reverently lifted down the purple coffin, while the immense crowd looked silently on with heads uncovered. A path was voluntarily opened through the groups immediately surrounding the vault, while the pall bearers stood reverently around the red cedar casket in this order:

General William T. Sherman, United States army.
Lieut.-Gen. Philip H. Sheridan, United States Army.
Admiral David D. Porter, United States Navy.
Vice-Admiral Stephen C. Rowan, United States Navy.
Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, of Virginia.
Gen. Simon B. Buckner, of Kentucky.
Joseph W. Drexel, of New York.
George S. Boutwell, of Massachusetts.
George W. Childs, of Pennsylvania.
John A. Logan, of Illinois.
George Jones, of New York.
Oliver Hoyt, of New York.

There was hardly a sound, except the roll of drums in the distance and the tread of approaching troops, while the coffin was lowered into the cass and the undertaker screwed on the lid. Then the wreath of oak leaves that the dead general's grandchild Julia and Dr. Douglas' little daughter made in the woods at Mount McGregor was placed upon it. This wreath, with others put on afterward by the Meade Post, went into the tomb with the body.

There was another pause and another opening in the groups a minute later when the members of General Grant's family walked very slowly from their carriages and halted near the pall bearers at the head of the coffin. Very few expected that the ladies of the family would be present, and their manifest, although not at all demonstrative, grief at the hour of final parting touched the hearts of thousands who witnessed it.

A cluster of clouds tempered the fierce rays of the sun from the bared heads of those gathered around the coffin as the Meade Post, of Philadelphia, joined the group near the coffin and began the beautiful ritual of the Grand Army of the Republic. The entire Post had expected to participate in this, and there was great disappointment when General Hancock decided to allow only twenty members to come near the grave. Forming in open order around the body, the post took position, with the commander at the head of the coffin, the chaplain at the foot, the officers and past commanders in the rear of the commander, and the post in the rear of the chaplain, and the colors were brought to the front. After a prayer by the chaplain and a dirge by the band, Commander Reed said:

"One by one, as the years roll on, we are called together to fulfill the last sad rites of respect to our comrades of the war. The present, full of the cares and pleasures of civil life, fades away, and we look back to the time when, shoulder to shoulder, on many battle fields or around the guns of our men-of-war, we fought for our dear old flag. We may indulge the hope that the spirit with which on land and sea hardship, privation, and danger were encountered by our dead heroes may never be blotted out from the history or memories of the generations to come—a spirit uncomplaining, obedient to the behest of duty, whereby to-day our national honor is secure and our loved ones rest in peace under the protection of the dear old flag. May the illustrious life of him whom we lay in the tomb to-day prove a glorious incentive to the youth, who, in the ages to come, may be called upon to uphold the destinies of our country. As the years roll on we, too, shall have fought our battles through and be laid to rest, our souls following the long column to the realms above, as grim death, hour by hour, shall mark its victims. Let us so live that when that time shall come those we leave behind may say above our graves, 'Here lies the body of a true-hearted, brave and earnest defender of the Republic.'"

Comrade Moore laid a wreath of evergreen upon the coffin as a symbol of undying love from soldier comrades, and Comrade Weidersheim placed a full blown white rose beside it as a symbol of unselfish devotion. Comrade Sellers followed them with a laurel wreath, saying: "Last token of affection from comrades in arms, we crown these remains with a symbol of victory."

These simple ceremonies were followed by the following address by the Rev. J. W. Sayers, Grand Army Chaplain-in-Chief of the Department of Pennsylvania:

"The march of another comrade is over, and he lies down after it in the house appointed for all the living. Thus summoned this open tomb reminds us of the frailty of human life and the tenure by which we hold our own. 'In such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh.' It seems well we should leave our comrade to rest where over him will bend the arching sky as it did in great love when he pitched his tent or lay down weary by the way or on the battle field for an hour's sleep. As he was then so he is still—in the hands of the Heavenly Father. 'God giveth His beloved sleep.'

"As we lay our comrade down here to rest let us cherish his virtues and strive to emulate his example. Reminded forcibly by the vacant place so late filled by our deceased brother that our ranks are thinning, let each one be so loyal to every virtue, so true to every friendship, so faithful in our remaining march, that we shall be ready to fall out here to take our places at the great review, not with doubt, but in faith; the merciful Captain of our salvation will call us to that fraternity which, on earth and in heaven, may remain unbroken. Jesus saith, 'Thy brother shall rise again. I am the Resurrection and the Life.' Behold the silver cord having been loosed, the golden bowl broken, we commit the body to the grave, where dust shall return to the earth as it was and the spirit to God who gave it. Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, looking for the resurrection and the life to come, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

After the prayer came the most beautiful part of the ritual, the bugle call, signifying "Rest." In the hands of a skillful player the sweet, mellow tones of the instrument drifted away on the breeze until they were heard by the sailors on the decks of the war vessels. Beginning softly, the tone gradually increased until it rose clear as a bell on the high notes, and then gradually diminished, like the sound of an Alpine horn re-echoing among the mountains, until a few notes gently repeated at the finish seemed to come from the clouds. There was a long, silent pause, after the ritual was completed, as the post withdrew and made way for the clergymen.

By this time it was after 5 o'clock. Bishop Harris stood near the coffin with an open prayer book, his white hair and striking features making a conspicuous feature in the group, and began to read the Methodist Episcopal burial service, "I am the resurrection and the life." As he began the sun came out from behind the clouds and some considerate person sheltered the bishop with an umbrella. Several persons who listened to him were visibly affected when the bishop read very touchingly the lines beginning "Oh, death, where is thy sting!" Dr. Newman, with tears coursing down his cheeks, read from the Scriptures, and then led in the Lord's Prayer.

When the committal service was over an artilleryman sounded the tattoo on the bugle, according to Colonel Grant's request, and then strong men lifted the coffin again, much the heavier from its cedar coffin, and disappeared with it into the vault. There was a slight creaking, as of rollers, which soon ceased, and the listening mourners knew that the old hero's mortal remains had reached the end of their long journey. The men standing near the gate drew back and let the bereaved children stand looking in at the entrance of the tomb for a moment, their heads bowed in grief. Mrs. Sartoris trembled with sobs she strove in vain to suppress, and her brother led her back to the carriage. In another minute they were gone. The generals and government officers looked in at the gate, grasped hands at parting, and were soon scattered on their several ways. The entire service lasted very nearly an hour.

As the mourners and visitors moved away the Fifth artillery men, from Governor's Island, began their long vigil over the dead general's tomb. The Seventh regiment faced the river and fired three parting volleys of musketry. The Twenty-second regiment followed with three volleys more, which, in turn, were succeeded by three salvos from the artillery, and a President's salute of twenty-one guns.

PASSING BEFORE THE TOMB.

Taking a Last Look at the Casket Before the Vault was Closed.

As the last gun of the presidential salute was fired the Seventh and Twenty-second regiments of the National Guard, which was formed in double column on the western boundary of the park, faced about and began their march from the ground. Back of these regiments stood a crowd that extended from the line of gray and white to the edge of the bank that overlooked the Hudson. As the march began four sentinels took position about the vault, one at each corner. They were selected from Battery H, Fifth United States Artillery. The Federal forces followed those of the National Guard.

For hours the immense crowd had stood outside of this line without a thought of venturing beyond it. When the rear ranks in their desire to obtain a glimpse of what was occurring in the, to them, charmed circle, would push forward the inner ranks would make the most desperate efforts to prevent the line from being broken. The officers in consequence were put to comparatively little trouble in keeping the space clear. Their presence on the ground seemed to be sufficient. The moment they retired from their positions the same idea seemed to possess each one of the waiting thousands. There was a wild and sudden rush from all sides to a common center. For hours thousands of men and women had stood patiently in the sun, buoyed up with the hope of witnessing not only the funeral ceremonies of General Grant, but of examining as closely as possible the tomb to which his remains had been consigned. Now that there seemed to be no obstacle to the fulfillment of this desire, the imaginary line was wiped out in an instant. The huge stands that faced the front and rear of the vault were deserted almost as quickly as if their occupants had been hurled to the ground against their will. Most of the carriages had left the drive. Those which remained were unable to move for fifteen minutes. Their drivers could do nothing but try to quiet their frightened horses. The crowd that had occupied the ground on the eastern boundary of the park surged around and past them in a solid mass and then swept across the open space, beyond which lay the tomb, with the rush of a mountain torrent.

For hours men and women filed past the tomb. The inner door of oak was thrown back. The outer door of iron lattice work was closed, but through the bars the interior of the tomb and the casket which contained the remains could be plainly seen. No one was allowed to stop, or even to hesitate in the hasty march, as those in front were subjected to a constant and heavy pressure by those in the rear. Those who passed the tomb had simply an opportunity of casting a fleeting glance at its interior. Few probably saw the casket, as they had little idea of what to expect. But the fact that they had looked at the spot where General Grant's body lay seemed to satisfy everybody.

The crowd of persons eager and curious to peer into the tomb pressed on in seemingly endless line until 6 o'clock, when Captain Beatty, of the park police, ordered his men to close the passageway made by their lines, and to remove the crowd from the vicinity of the tomb. There were then remaining not less than 4,000 persons within sound of a pistol shot, fully half of whom had not had a chance to pass in front of the tomb, and nearly all of those who had not passed wanted to do so. The police acted with dispatch, and within fifteen minutes they had cleared a space for one hundred feet from the entrance to the tomb in front, and also the chained enclosure on the slope above and behind. After this the gathering dwindled fast, although enough yet remained to make a large crowd, probably 2,000 persons.

A group of men had been waiting for an hour or longer under a tree just back of the tomb. One of them kept his hand on an iron machine about the size of a haycutter and resembling a haycutter in its scoop and wheel. Another stood at a barrel filled with soft coal. Several boxes lay near. The men were all from the Franklin Iron works, of Troy, where the steel case was made. Their apparatus like a haycutter was a portable blast furnace, the wheel propelling the fan beneath the scoop in which the coal was to burn. The boxes contained the fifty wrought iron rivets that were to be put in the steel case and that were to fasten it to its stone foundation, with the tools for that work. When the crowd was cleared away the men carried their apparatus within the tomb. The blast furnace was set up and started between the steel case and the door. All of the men worked inside the tomb. The riveting began at about 6:45. It was a small place for so many men, and work proceeded slowly. By 9 o'clock, however, the work was over and the workmen emerged. The tomb was then closed and left to the care of Captain J. A. Fessenden, with Battery H, Fifth Artillery, who have pitched camp under the trees in sight of the tomb, expecting to remain there at least thirty days. Captain Beatty also detailed a squad of men to the neighborhood for the night.

The crowd that watched the beginning of the work of the men with the rivets grew rapidly less after sunset and had dwindled to 100 or so when the tomb was closed. Many of the late arrivals were well dressed ladies.

THE GRANT FAMILY.

Their Last Tribute—Many Expressions of Sympathy.

Twelve carriages were assigned for the use of the Grant family and their near relatives. At 10 o'clock Colonel Grant was informed that these vehicles were waiting at the entrance to the hotel on Fifth avenue for their occupants and that it was desirable that there should be no loss of time on the part of the mourners in getting ready to take their position in the line of procession. In obedience to this request he marshalled the family and their more immediate connections, and at once entered the carriages. In this party of mourners were Colonel and Mrs. Fred Grant, their daughter Julia, their young son, U. S. Grant, whose departed grandfather always playfully called him "General," by which pet name he is frequently known; Mrs. Sartori, Mr. and Mrs. U. S. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Jessie Grant and their daughter, Nellie; Dr. Sharpe, who married a sister of Mrs. Grant; Mr., Mrs. and Miss Cramer; Mr. Simpson Grant, a cousin of Colonel Grant; Mrs. Corbin, Mr. and Mrs. Potter Palmer, Dr. Sharp, Mr. and Mrs. Holman, of Long Island; Miss Rollins, the eldest daughter of General Rollins, and a ward of General Grant; Signor Romero, Mr. N. E. Dawson and Mr. W. J. Arkell.

Mrs. Grant, the widow of the General, was not present. Some of her friends strongly urged her up to a late hour on Friday to be present, but she said that she felt that she had bid the General "good-by" at the funeral services at Mount McGregor, and she preferred to have that as the remembrance of their last parting. Though it was known that all during the day her sorrow had been so great that she had been more or less confined to her sick room. Still, in a message from Mount McGregor she expressed her satisfaction that she had been true to her original resolution of remaining on the mountain.

Though, in obedience to those in charge of the details of the procession, the Colonel caused his party to be in their carriages soon after ten o'clock, it was one p. m. before they were able to fall into line at the hotel, and it was six o'clock at night before they returned. With the exception of the comparatively short interval when they assembled around the tomb they had been compelled to remain in their carriages all that time. This, necessarily, involved more or less discomfit, especially to the ladies, "but all this was forgotten," Colonel Grant said, "in the opportunity that was afforded them to witness so wonderful a tribute of respect to the memory of General Grant."

The colonel expressed himself as greatly pleased with the arrangements that had been made for the funeral, and with the great popular demonstration of respect. The family had a large number of callers at their rooms in the evening, and it was very late before they were able to retire.

The three sons of General Grant came into the upper corridor of the Fifth Avenue hotel during the evening, and received an ovation. They were introduced to the governors of States, and many men of note from the South, who were profuse in their expressions of sympathy. This was the first appearance of the members of the Grant family in public since the general's death.

GRANT.

Breathe it calmly, speak it low,
Let the soul in silence weep,
Drape the land with hearts of woe,
That the world may sadly know
Grant has passed to endless sleep.

Spread the roses on his bier,
Hang the garlands on his tomb,
Where our love and falling tear
Would forever lilies rear,
Would forever make them bloom.

Thrilled by death's appalling knock,
Here we shudder where we stand,
For the tidings send a shock,
Like the riftings of a rock,
That upheaveth all the land.

All our glory's swept away,
And the pulse of pride is still,
And the splendor of the day
Is a phantom of dismay
On the brow of sorrow's hill.

The hoary years shall bow the head
To Grant's immortal name,
And heroes lead as once he led,
And on their country's glory shed
The luster of his fame.

Serene and calm as autumn's eve
Beneath a tender sky,
His creed sublime was to forgive,
He taught mankind the way to live,
And showed them how to die.

—*Hugh Farrar McDermott.*

Careful estimates based on the number of trains run and extra cars employed in the service indicate that, including the travel across the Brooklyn bridge and the numerous North and East river ferries, the total number of strangers in New York during the